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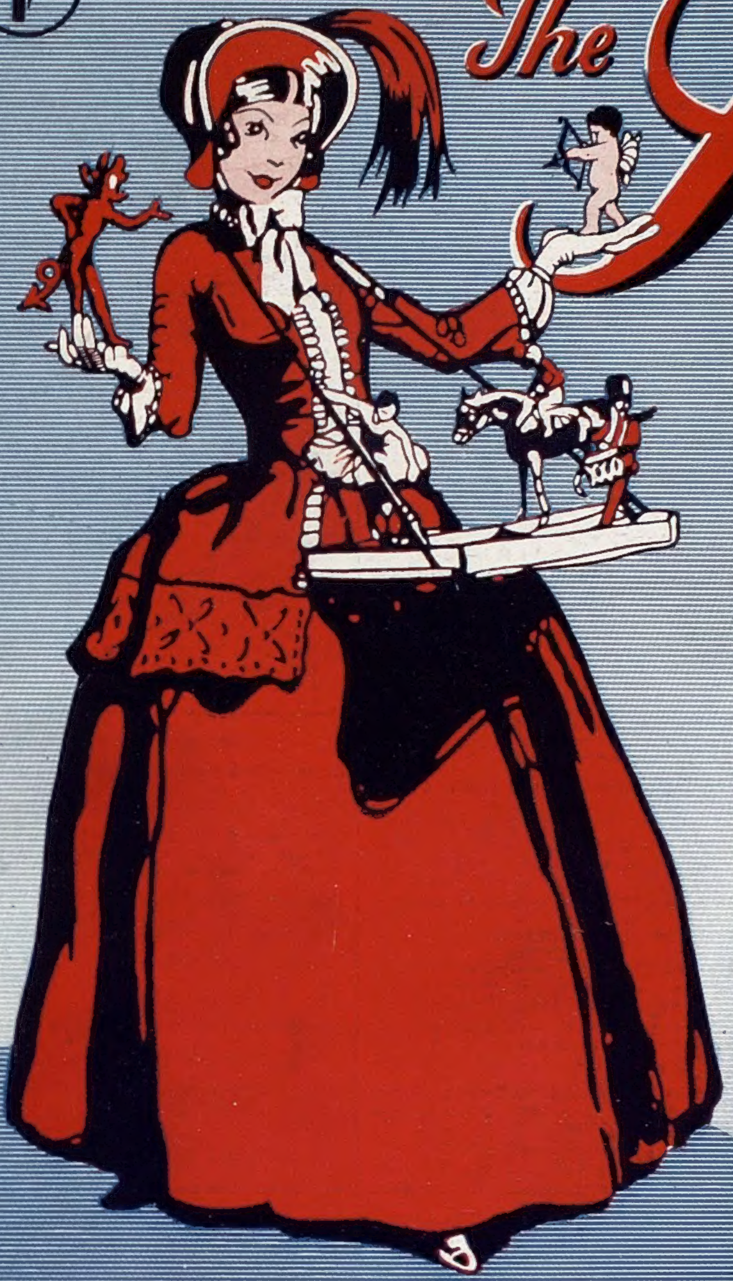
The Sketch



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GERMANY—*continued.*

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GERMANY—*continued.*

Cologne.—Hotel Comœdienhof.—Nr. Stn. & Cathl. New wg. Dec. '36. Rms. fr. R.M. 4., lav. & toil. fm. R.M.6., pr. bath fr. R.M.8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

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Dresden. — Hotel Schiller. — The latest, first-class Hotel. World renowned, distinguished family-home. Near Station.

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Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. World ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6, 75 Pr. B. fr 9.

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Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone fee.s at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

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The Sketch

No. 2318—Vol. CLXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER NORTH.

LADY CAROLINE PAGET AS NELSON'S EMMA.

LADY CAROLINE PAGET, *eldest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey, is to represent Lady Hamilton, by Lawrence, in the Tableaux Vivants, "A Picture Gallery Come to Life," at Grosvenor House this afternoon, June 30, in aid of the Council for the Promotion of Occupational Industries among the Physically Handicapped. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent has graciously promised to attend.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

THE KILLER.

MUCH perturbation has been caused lately in my domestic circle by the abandoned behaviour of the family cat. He has only just grown to cat's estate, and he has been sowing his wild oats. More precisely, in this, the first summer of his full-grown life, he has discovered the birds. A more demoralised, a more bloody-minded cat I have never seen. The excitement of the chase completely possesses him; all day long he stalks his quarry, merciless and insatiable, and even when he is not actually on the hunt, he is obviously thinking and dreaming of the hunt, and cares for nothing else. He has reverted to type; he is a miniature panther in the jungle.

Unfortunately, he possesses skill as well as enthusiasm. It is a considerable athletic feat for a cat to bag a bird—at all events, a full-grown bird—since all the advantage lies with the hunted rather than the hunter. But this reprobate animal is as swift to destruction as a bullet, and his fell work is done before the bird has time to flutter its wings. The resulting casualties among the thrushes, blackbirds, and other valued friends, in which my garden abounds, have deeply shocked public opinion in the family circle. On an average, two innocent, melodious birds, often with families dependent on them, die violent deaths every day, and my garden, where peace once reigned supreme, threatens to become a shambles. What makes it worse is that the sinner glories in his shame, often bringing his victims into the house, proud, exultant, and expectant of applause. Frequently he seems to kill, not for the pot, but for the mere pleasure of killing. It is all a very distressing object-lesson in "nature in the raw."

"He brought them home from that hunting trip he shared with his partner."

DRAWN BY BERRY.

As usual, the profligate pays the penalty of excess. He who was, but yesterday, a little, fluffy, romping ball has become a lean, rakish, dissipated creature, dull of coat and cold of eye. This, doubtless, is partly the result of injudicious diet and reckless living; but I think it is also the consequence of moral outlawry. He has become a social leper. Aforetime petted and admired—spoiled with saucers of milk, sardine-tails, and other marks of affection—he is now regarded with hostility as a confessed murderer, a killer of babes. It is beginning to tell on him. He does not understand why a cat who is as clever as he is should be so snubbed and frowned upon. "They were wont to laugh at me," he reflects, "and call me a perfect little duck, and other absurd names, when I used to chase and catch a piece of paper on a string; but now, when I catch something much more difficult and something with some *sense* to it, they call me a horrid, cruel, wicked little beast! A fickle, inconsistent, hypocritical lot, these human beings!"

There is undoubtedly some justice in the criticism. I find the moral problem presented by this incorrigible cat very difficult to explain satisfactorily to the young. On the one hand, it is right that children should deplore the assassination of a bird, because it is right that they should revolt from anything which seems to them cruel—that is what we teach them, what we want them to feel. On the other hand, it is not just that they should condemn a cat for doing what a cat is perfectly right in doing. How can a young, bewildered mind, which is still gradually building up its moral code, understand that what would be abominably naughty in a little boy or girl is neither right nor wrong to a cat, but just—cattishness?

As far as that goes, how can any of us understand it? Cruelty is the basest and most detestable element in human nature. We are all capable of it—if not physical cruelty, at least mental cruelty—but those who are not only capable of it, but take pleasure in it, are surely the most depraved of mankind. There is no human failing which ordinary, common moral sense is more unanimous in condemning; none which more powerfully arouses moral indignation. Philosophers dispute whether there is any such thing as "progress" in human affairs, and it is not always easy to discern it; but if it is to be found anywhere, I think it may be observed in the slow but steady improvement of public opinion about such matters as torture and other criminal punishments. (I admit, however, that modern warfare does not assist the argument.) A sensible man learns to be surprised at nothing in human nature, and to forgive almost anything to his fellow-creatures; but it is extremely difficult to forgive deliberate cruelty. We hate it violently when its victims are human beings, and Anglo-Saxons, unlike certain other races, hate it even more violently when its victims are subject animals. But nature thinks otherwise. The behaviour of nature is simply disgraceful. Hideous, relentless cruelty everywhere! "Natural" death, to most animals except man, is death by violence and cruelty. This is a commonplace, but the very fact that we have to accept it as a commonplace is a moral shock to which we never become quite resigned. No decent person would behave as nature constantly behaves.

So we have to make our own code of morals, without any help from nature; and in doing so, we are apt to be a little arbitrary. Some of our ideas of cruelty, for example, are governed chiefly by our own convenience and predilections. We regret the death of a thrush, because a thrush is, to man, both an attractive and a harmless creature. But we do not happen to like centipedes, although, goodness knows, a centipede is a quiet, home-loving sort of chap, unless interfered with; but he annoys us, and we murder him without a qualm. There are those—in India, for example—who hold that, all forms of life being sacred, it is as cruel and sinful to destroy a mosquito as a nightingale. This is sound, if severe, logic; but in this matter of humanitarianism, as in most matters, it seems impossible to be completely logical and consistent. All we can do is, within practicable limits, to behave as little as possible like a cat. But I am afraid it is no use my asking the cat to behave as much as possible like a man. I am not sure that he would enjoy the prospect!

MRS. BRISTLEWOOD IS NOT AMUSED.

"Really, Percy, I thought this kind of thing only happened in the comic papers!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

WATCHING POLO AT HURLINGHAM AND RANELAGH.

MISS WHEATHLEY, MRS. JIM ASHTON, MISS PAM DOWLING, MRS. JEFF ASHTON, and MAJOR PHIPPS HORNBY *(l. to r.) were at Hurlingham to see Goulburn beat the Knaves in the first tie of the Champion Cup.*

LADY FIONA FULLER *(right) and* MISS BETTY HOMAN *are seen watching polo at Ranelagh. It was warm enough for them to discard their furs.*

Right: The DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE *went to Hurlingham to see the first tie of the Champion Cup. Later the Duke played for the Jaguars' "B" side against Hurlingham "B" team.*

The HON. GUSTAVUS HAMILTON-RUSSELL *played at Ranelagh for Britain v. the Allies for the Verdun Cup. He is with* MRS. HAMILTON-RUSSELL.

Right: The HON. JOHN *and* MRS. PEPYS *came to watch the match of Goulburn v. the Knaves.*

Left: The HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL *and the* HON. LYDIA YARDE-BULLER *watched the match at Hurlingham.*

Right: MRS. "LADDIE" SANFORD, MRS. A. BARCLAY, *and* MR. "LADDIE" SANFORD *watched the first tie of the Champion Cup. Mr. Sanford is the well-known polo player.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

WIFE AND FAMILY OF ENGLAND'S CRICKET "D'ARTAGNAN."

MRS. R. W. V. ROBINS, *who is here posed with her young son,* CHARLES, *and her daughter,* PENNY, *is the wife of Mr. R. W. V. Robins, the Middlesex cricketer, who was chosen recently to captain England against New Zealand in the first of the three Test matches of the season, which was due to begin at Lord's on Saturday last, June 26. Mr. Robins, who is described in the "Daily Telegraph" as "an unorthodox and brilliant all-rounder, a D'Artagnan of the cricket field," first played for England against South Africa in 1929, and since then has played against Australia, South Africa, the West Indies, and All India.*

CENTRE-COURTERS AS DINNER WIMBLEDON

The MARCHIONESS OF WILLINGDON *and* M. J. BOROTRA *(France).*

MISS HELEN HULL JACOBS *(U.S.A.) and the* MARQUESS OF WILLINGDON.

MISS DOROTHY ROUND *(G.B.) and* MR. DONALD BUDGE *(U.S.A.).*

THE annual dinner given by the International Lawn Tennis Club in London is always a delightful prelude to the great Wimbledon weeks, and was, as usual, this year attended by all the important International stars who assembled in London for the Championships.

FRU SPERLING, *formerly Fräulein Krahwinkel (Denmark), and* MR. STANLEY BRUCE.

COMTESSE DE LA VALDENE, *formerly Señorita Lili de Alvarez (France), and* M. J. BRUGNON *(France).*

PARTNERS: THE PRELUDE-TO-BANQUET.

MR. N. G. FARQUHARSON *(South Africa)* and MISS KAY STAMMERS *(G.B.)*.

BARON GOTTFRIED VON CRAMM *(Germany)* and LORD RUNCIMAN.

MISS JEDRZEJOWSKA *(Poland)* and MR. RITCHIE *(G.B.)*.

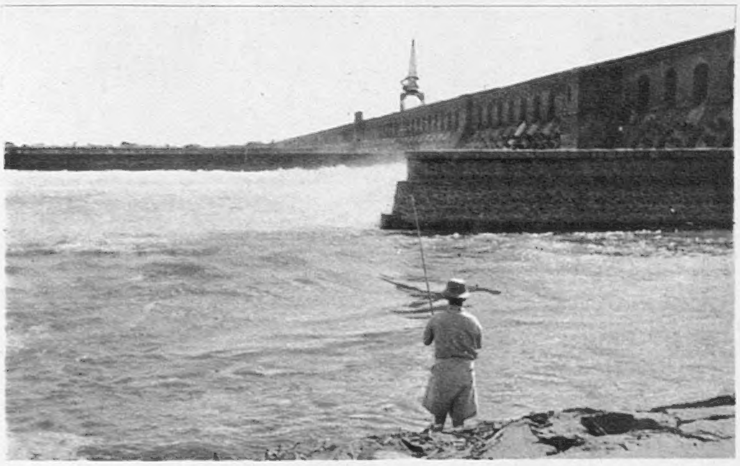
MR. H. W. ("BUNNY") AUSTIN *(G.B.)* and MLLE. XYDIS *(Greece)*.

SEÑORITA LIZANA *(Chile)* and WING-COMMANDER SIR LOUIS GREIG.

MISS ALICE MARBLE *(U.S.A.)*.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

FEW salmon anglers have started catching salmon as early in life as Denis, seven-year-old son of Mr. Brian E. S. Mountain. Like father, like son; and in this case, like grandfather, too, for Sir Edward Mountain is also an ardent fisherman. Denis hooked his fish on a golden sprat on the only day they were obliged to resort to bait fishing, owing to a heavy spate. He was using one of Hardy's L.R.H. rods, with multiplying reel, which he handles fairly efficiently. Although his father had to assist him in playing the fish, as his arms ached, he did not lose his head throughout the twenty minutes during which the fight lasted. Mr. Mountain informs me that they had a very good season on the Delfur beat of the Spey, breaking the previous record by one fish. Hence the salmon caught by Denis played an important part in breaking the record. Mr. Mountain mentions that greased line again was by far the most successful method of fishing, even in the fair amount of water which prevailed this season. He adds that one cannot seem to fish the flies too small, and he asks if I can explain how it is that, instead of hooking the fish as usual by this method in the extreme corner of the mouth, he and other rods found that this season the majority of fish were hooked far back in the roof of the mouth. Not being an expert, I hesitate to offer an opinion, but it seems likely to me that, with smaller flies, the heavier pull of water on the line may make the hook penetrate almost as soon as the salmon has closed its mouth. Furthermore, I should say that a small fly is chewed more firmly than a larger one, which may be felt more readily. However, I think this is really a question for an expert like Mr. Balfour-Kinnear.

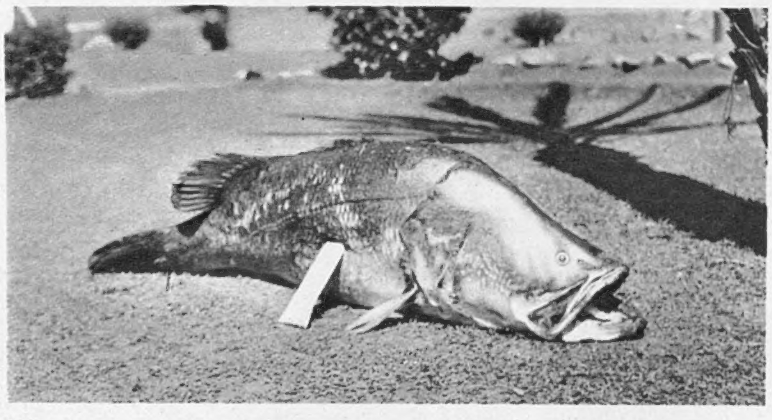


This is the water, immediately downstream from the Sennar Dam, from which the RECORD NILE PERCH *was taken.*

"Flying Salmon." We have all heard of the "Flying Dutchman," the "Flying Scotsman," and of how unpleasant it would be if cows could fly; but who has seen "flying salmon"? Don't waste time looking in the river, but search the nearest bookstall, and when you spot a silver jacket marked "Flying Salmon" in red letters, you will have found a very good book on fly-fishing for salmon. The author is Mr. G. P. R. Balfour-Kinnear, who appears to possess a particularly sound knowledge of most methods of salmon-fishing with fly, and especially of the application of greased-line fishing. Indeed, one can applaud his publishers' statement in their description of the book that "greased-line fishing is dealt with in a *masterly* way." Personally, I believe Mr. Balfour-Kinnear has exploited the method more fully in practice, and explained it more lucidly in print, than has been attempted hitherto. The first dozen pages of the book deal succinctly with tackle; then three typical salmon-pools are examined. Pictures of the pools are given, and the likely salmon lies, etc., are discussed. Following this, a description of greased-line fishing clears the ground for the main portion of the book, which is in dialogue form. The reader is introduced to the Shepherd (the author) and the Sheep (his friend, Mr. Percy Deas, of Duns, to whom the book is dedicated). They proceed to fish the actual pools already described, and carry on an animated conversation, from which the reader may learn exactly how a skilful angler fishes various types of water, wading and by boat, and using various methods as circumstances dictate. The dialogue is extremely well done, with just sufficient humour to make it entertaining, and practically every line of it is instructive. Both the Shepherd and the Sheep are nearly drowned—imaginary happenings, possibly to illustrate two of the special dangers of wading. However, there is more than a touch of reality in the way the Shepherd continues to fish afterwards, with only his hat on, while his clothes dry by a fire which he had made.

Flies Without Hooks. On one occasion the Sheep asks the Shepherd if he has any secret method by which fish may be caught legitimately. The Shepherd admits that he has, and is persuaded to divulge it. In brief, the method is to use two flies, and, in order to obviate the objection of having a loose hook to snag up, the Shepherd has his dropper fly without a hook. What on earth is the use of a fly without a hook? The Shepherd explains, and later demonstrates in actual fishing, how, when a salmon takes the dropper, the cast is across its mouth, and as it pulls through, the knots on the cast can be felt jerking against its teeth. When the cast has run through to the end, the tail fly hooks the fish either under the chin, on the cheek, or in the corner of the mouth—all tough places, the Shepherd adds, and, according to him, it always works. The question arises: can you foul-hook a fish legitimately? In this case it is rather a poser, for, of course, the fish would have been fairly hooked had there been a hook on the dropper.

MR. *and* MRS. W. M. WILLIAMS *with the record Nile Perch. A few years ago we published a photograph of what was then the record Nile Perch for the Blue Nile—a 153½-lb. fish. This record has now been beaten by 15¼ lb. Mrs. Williams helped to land the fish by playing it for her husband for about five minutes. The fish was landed in three-quarters of an hour.*



This huge fish of 168¾ lb. is THE RECORD NILE PERCH *(LATES NILOTICA) taken from the Blue Nile. It was landed below the Sennar Dam, in the Sudan, last autumn by Mr. W. M. Williams, of the Sudan Government Irrigation Department, using an 8-ft. 6-in. split cane sea rod, with a Sea Silex reel, and line with a breaking-strain of 75 lb. It was caught on a dead bait spinning. The bait was a 10-in. tiger fish threaded in the form of an arc on to two triangle hooks. Each hook was about ½-in. across and made of approximately No. 15 S.W.G. steel, and about 40 in. of steel wire (breaking-strain 75 lb.)—with swivels at the top, bottom and centre—forming the trace. The drag on the Sea Silex rod was used in killing the fish.*

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Dr. and Mrs. O. B. Deiter have converted a Brixham trawler into a luxury fishing-boat for the express purpose of catching tunny in the North Sea and shark off the Irish coast.

Sir Harry Twyford, fishing off Mousehole, near Penzance, with Ben Jeffries, had thirty pollack up to 14½ lb., nine bream averaging 2½ lb., and a good catch of congers—largest 35 lb.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

R.A.F. ACES OF TERN HILL.

NO. 10 FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL (NO. 23 TRAINING GROUP), R.A.F., *Tern Hill, Shropshire, was formed during the war, in 1917. It closed down in 1921, but reopened in January last year under the command of Group Captain Darley, in connection with the R.A.F. Expansion Scheme. The C.O. took one of the early R.A.C. Flying Certificates—No. 591—in 1913. The station is being completely rebuilt and modernised, and, when completed towards the end of 1937, it will be one of the largest and most important R.A.F. Depots. Those undergoing instruction here are later posted to Service squadrons. Fred May made these sketches at a recent guest night.*

"THE FROG" ON THE SCREEN—WITH GORDON HARKER AS ELK.

Sergeant Elk (GORDON HARKER) is apparently unmoved by the beauty and charm of the exotic cabaret headed by Lola (CAROL GOODNER).

ESMÉ PERCY plays Philo Johnson, one of Stella's most ardent admirers.

VAVIAN GAYE is Stella, the charming heroine who goes through many perils.

JACK HAWKINS takes the part of Captain Gordon, of the C.I.D.

"THE FROG," the thriller by Ian Hay from Edgar Wallace's novel "The Fellowship of the Frog," has come to the New Gallery in its screen form, a Herbert Wilcox production. Captain Gordon (JACK HAWKINS), Stella (VAVIAN GAYE), and Sergeant Elk (GORDON HARKER) are here seen in an exciting scene. Gordon Harker created the rôle of Elk on the stage.

The end of the chase! Sergeant Elk (GORDON HARKER), Joshua Broad (NOAH BEERY; right), Stella (VAVIAN GAYE), and Captain Gordon (JACK HAWKINS) capture the gas-masked "Frog."

Right: GORDON HARKER as the ever-watchful Sergeant Elk, who hunts the "Frog" with such humour and determination.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

TWO OF THE IRISH FRENCHES.

The HON. PATRICIA *and the* HON. JEANNE FRENCH *are sister débutantes of Coronation season. They are the eldest and second daughters of the late Lord de Freyne and of Lady de Freyne, and are sisters of the present holder of the title, who is the seventh Baron. The family seat is French Park, Co. Roscommon, and, though Lord de Freyne is a Baron of the United Kingdom, the family is an Irish one.*

HELEN JACOBS ON WIMBLEDON.

THERE is just one improvement which I think could be made in the drawing of the Wimbledon tournament. It is customary to seed only eight players in the singles. This so often brings about the meeting in the first round of players who should by all rights survive the opening day. Last year, for example, Henner Henkel played "Bitsy" Grant, and Dorothy Round played Betty Nuthall in the first round. All four of these players deserved, on the basis of ability and ranking, to go through to the second day, yet Henkel and Betty Nuthall became early spectators of the singles. Had "Bitsy" Grant lost to Henner Henkel — which he came close to doing—he would have travelled three thousand miles for one day's play at Wimbledon.

MISS HELEN HULL JACOBS, *writer of the article on this page, and famous U.S.A. player and Champion of 1936, wore a smart tailored suit with buttons like door-knockers when a spectator on the opening day of Wimbledon. Her first match was on the second day, when she beat Miss E. H. Harvey.*

MISS JOAN BUCKMASTER, *daughter of Miss Gladys Cooper (Mrs. Philip Merivale), is a lawn tennis fan. She was at Wimbledon for the opening day's play.*

This year Jack Crawford and Roderick Menzel met in the first round. It is perfectly fair that Crawford should not have been seeded, for the committee must choose the seeded players upon the basis of their previous performances, and Crawford, striking a bad patch, has not distinguished himself since last Wimbledon. But if both of these players had had the opportunity of starting the tournament with matches which they might reasonably have expected to win, they might have worked themselves into their best form and produced the tennis which made their reputations.

Bad Luck for Two Good Players. On the first day of the ladies' singles, Alice Marble played Mary Hardwick. Such a meeting is bad luck on both players. It is not easy to play one's first match with the considerable nervous strain which the American and the English girl had a right to feel. Even playing against a much weaker opponent, it is sometimes difficult to get the "feel" of Wimbledon at once—it is so unlike any other tournament in the world, with its enormous first-day gate, giving one a strong sense of its importance, and producing a certain nervousness which otherwise might not rear its unwelcome head so soon. Mary Hardwick was one of England's chief hopes in the Wimbledon singles, and for that reason was important to the tournament; Alice Marble, making her first appearance in the tournament, is of two-fold interest to the spectators—because of the interesting and spectacular quality of her play and because she is one of the outstanding American players. The loss of either to the tournament after the first day's play is a great pity.

In view of all the players who qualified for Wimbledon, and who do not expect any more than to play one of the best players in the first round, it is a shame that Norman Farquharson, who came from South Africa, had to go up against Donald Budge the opening day. Norman is a versatile player, with an interesting and potentially successful style. Given a chance to work himself in with at least one comparatively easy round, he might have done surprising things. I remember when he defeated Fred Perry the opening day at Wimbledon several years ago. Of course, Fred was not then the player he later proved himself to be, but the result was nevertheless an upset. It would be so easy to "seed" eight players as usual, and then to place eight more through the draw, not necessarily in any particular order, but merely to eliminate the possibility of such meetings of the stars as have occurred at Wimbledon this year.

Opening-day Nerves. I think all the best players feel somewhat alike on the opening day of the tournament. In the years gone by, there have been so many upsets on the first Monday, and among the women on the first Tuesday, that one cannot go on the court with an over-abundance of confidence unless playing an opponent many classes below one's own. Even then one is apt to have a mild case of tournament nerves. I think I am fortunate, because the only nervousness I ever experience takes the form of impatience to start play. However, many of my compatriots—Edith Cross comes first to mind—never produced anything like their best form in the first round, simply because they were overawed by the importance of Wimbledon. In two years running, Edith Cross, who was ranked very high in the United States, lost her match the first day, and admitted that she had seldom played worse.

The second day's play, even against a more difficult opponent, is generally far easier to cope with. One has by then taken into oneself the spirit of Wimbledon; has settled down to the job in hand; the crowds, the officialdom, the business-like routine of the matches become again familiar. The battle is on! Wimbledon is so nearly perfect in every detail, that I hesitate to suggest that anything could improve it. No one is more alert to the possibilities of improvement than are the officials of the club, and the Tennis Association, and perhaps they have already seen, in the misfortunes of the draw, the hint to cater to the unusually large entry which distinguishes Wimbledon, by altering slightly the methods of the draw.

HELEN JACOBS.

MRS. F. M. STRAWSON, *the well-known lawn tennis player, wore this striking hat and suit when watching at Wimbledon.*

LAYE, OF LEHAR'S "PAGANINI," AND HER LAWTON.

This delightful garden snapshot of MISS EVELYN LAYE, *who plays the Princess of Lucca in "Paganini," at the Lyceum, shows her with her husband,* MR. FRANK LAWTON, *in the garden of the house they are renting at Hampstead.*

MISS LAYE *looks as if she were posed in the heart of the country—but she's just picking lilac in the garden of her Hampstead residence.*

Silhouette portraiture by the window! Here the FRANK LAWTONS *have each got something agreeable to look at. Hence their smiles.*

Left: Croquet appeals to both EVELYN LAYE *and her husband,* FRANK LAWTON. *He is trying to solve a hard problem of tactics.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA.

AT A DANC
AT LAD

LADY MOYRA PONSONBY, *daughter of the Earl of Bessborough, was a guest.*

A group of the young guests at the dance given at Claridge's by Lady McClean for her daughters faced the camera from the foot of the staircase. They are (l. to r.; starting with back row) MR. MICHAEL DUNN, MISS JULIET MAITLAND-EDWARDS, MISS CAMILLA PARKER, MR. GEORGE TURNBULL, *and (in front)* MISS DIANA YOUNGER, MR. JOHN WHITTAKER, MISS CECILIA MANSELL, *and* MR. IAN HUTCHINSON.

Right: The HON. MICHAEL NORTON, *brother of Lord Rathcreedan, is chatting with* MISS GATHORNE-HARDY.

LADY HONOR VAUGHAN, *débutante daughter of the Earl of Lisburne, with* LORD HOWLAND, *grandson of the Duke of Bedford.*

The ball given by Sir Francis and Lady McClean was for their daughters, MISS IONA *(r.)* and MISS FRANCES McCLEAN. SIR FRANCIS McCLEAN *is seen in the background.*

PHOTOGRAPH

FOR SISTER DÉBUTANTES: YOUNG GUESTS McCLEAN'S BALL.

MR. RHYS DAVIES *is seen with* LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN.

LADY JEAN OGILVY, *débutante daughter of the Earl of Airlie, with* MR. MICHAEL CRICHTON-STEWART.

Right: MRS. JOHN WALKER *wore a net veil and a white bird on her forehead. She was Miss Joan Southey.*

LADY GLORIA *and* MR. NIGEL FISHER, *married daughter and son-in-law of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne, were guests.*

A group of young guests sitting out on the stairs. They are (l. to r.; from the back row) MISS CELIA COKE, MR. TONY WHITAKER, MISS LOEL WINTERBOTTOM, MR. DAVID CHRISTIE-MILLER, MISS CYNTHIA PRIDEAUX-BRUNE, LORD GORMANSTON, *and (in front)* MR. R. HUNTER-CRAIG, MISS ANN MOCATTA, MR. DONALD MURRAY, *and* MISS JUDITH PILCHER.

N SWAEBE.

TALES WITH A STING.

THE SPORTING MIPPETTS.

By ROBERT MORLEY.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

EVERYBODY agreed the Mippetts were pretty silly. That is, everybody who knew them. Lots of people who didn't know them thought they looked silly in the photographs. The photographs appeared nearly every week in one or other of the illustrated papers. Sometimes they were in all the papers, and occasionally they missed a week, but not often.

George was generally in the country-house groups. Sometimes he would be photographed on the steps, just standing amiably looking into space beside other young men in plus fours and girls in sensible tweeds and no hats. At his feet, his host's youngest daughter. This one was usually called "Coming-of-Age Celebration," though presumably the actual celebration took place elsewhere.

When George wasn't standing on the steps, he usually had a gun in his hand, and the space formerly occupied by his host's youngest daughter would be strewn with dead partridges. From the expression on George's face, one felt, somehow, that he had had no part in the massacre, which, surely, must have been the work of Captain A (on George's left), or the very angry-looking woman balancing on a shooting-stick (on George's right).

Winnie Mippetts stuck to parties. One seldom saw her in anything but evening dress in the arms of her partners. Occasionally, one of the more aggressive photographers would cover her with wallpaper or American cloth, and show her sitting on a pillar of gramophone records. When this happened, the result would occupy a full page, and be commented upon by her large circle of acquaintances. There was nothing Winnie liked better. But then, of course, she didn't hear the comments.

When the Mippetts were in London, they lived amicably and rather extravagantly in a house near the Zoo. They had been married five years, and although they had no children, everyone agreed theirs was the sort of marriage that would last. The only trouble was that they couldn't seem able to keep their butlers.

George was inclined to blame his wife a little for this extremely annoying phenomenon, though actually it was as much his fault as hers. The trouble with butlers, of course, is that they can't live without dignity. And neither George nor Winnie had any dignity. You could tell that from the way the house looked. When they had moved into it, they had paid a great deal of money to the very best interior decorator, and given him *carte blanche.* The result had baffled them a bit when they got back from their honeymoon, for the house had been transformed into as near a circus as the decorator could contrive. The dining-room—at least, what they 'd thought must be the dining-room—was the ring, and although at one time they seriously considered doing away with the sawdust and the extremely uncomfortable stools with which they had been provided, they never actually managed it.

After all, it did serve to break the ice when the dinner-party tended to become sticky. Not every young hostess could inform her guests that they were seated on the actual stools which the great Yagore had had built for his celebrated performing tigers. The stools had little bronze plates let into them with the tigers' names still inscribed. This, too, was a convenience. It did away with place cards. They had discovered a little place round the corner where they could get sawdust quite easily, whenever it was needed. But somehow, the butlers never really cared for the arrangement, although George had bought a genuine circus rake for them to tidy up with. The rest of the rooms were cages, all the doors were made with bars. They could be opened quite easily when you knew the trick. George always explained carefully what you had to do, but even so, guests did occasionally get stuck in the bathroom. Then, too, Winnie had tried dressing several of the butlers up as ringmasters when they had parties. This was one of the instructions the decorator had given them. It was not, however, a great success. Butlers do not dress up well, as a rule, and they never seemed able to manage the whip and the champagne at the same time.

It was therefore a particularly happy morning for the Mippetts when John Frederick Custards walked into the house. After waiting three hours in the basement, which, although described in the lease as "usual offices," was now fairly successfully disguised as the Fun Fair, he was engaged by Winnie.

"You can start at once," she told him. "What did you say your name was?"

"John Frederick Custards," he told her.

"In that case, I shall call you Charles," Winnie told him. "You see, none of our butlers stay very long, and it 's so confusing having to remember their names. So we always call them Charles. Actually, you 'll be Charles the fourteenth."

George took to him at once.

"Now, for heaven's sake," he told Winnie, "humour the fellow. We don't want to lose this one. He 's a find, that 's what he is, my girl."

After that, he was always referred to as "the find." They got so they relied more and more on him. Winnie consulted him one morning about the flowers. After that, she left the flowers entirely to him. Then George got him to do the wines. Then Winnie got him to do the food. After a bit, George got him to do his clothes. Then Winnie got him to do hers. Everyone said neither of them had looked so smart in years. George even used to ask him about which invitations to accept. He seemed to have a sort of sixth sense as to what sort of weather it was going to be in Kent, and whether the Murgatoyds' house would really be comfortable now that they 'd put in the heating.

The only trouble was, their friends wanted his advice as well. In the morning the telephone bell rang almost all the time. It was nearly always for Charles. Still, as Winnie said, one must take the rough with the smooth.

Another bit of rough was the piano. Charles asked one day if they 'd mind if he played a bit. George said that would be all right, and Charles started in. He had it tuned and insisted on paying the tuner himself. He played mostly in the afternoons. When Winnie was in, she used to listen sometimes in her bedroom. He always played Beethoven or Liszt or something like that. Winnie couldn't tell if he played well or not. Once she asked him if he ever played hot music. Charles said he didn't.

"The find" had been with them almost a year when Reggie came to dinner. Charles gave them lobster, quail, and a nice soufflé which he had taught the cook how to make. It was a very good dinner. Reggie seemed to enjoy it. Afterwards they sat in the drawing-room wondering what to do. George asked Charles what was the best film to see. As they were getting into the taxi to go to the cinema, Reggie said:

"By the way, I think I ought to tell you about your butler."

George said, "What about him?"

Reggie said, "Well, you remember when I was a cop?"

George said, yes, he seemed to remember. Actually, Reggie had never been a cop. He 'd done a few months at the Training College before they found out about him.

Reggie said, "The last time I saw Charles was at the Old Bailey."

Winnie said, "Really?"; and went on making-up her mouth.

George said, "I thought the fellow must have been a Judge or something."

But Reggie was serious. He told them about how a lot of them had gone along to the Old Bailey one day as part of their training. Apparently Charles had been Exhibit A.

"You don't mean he was being tried for something?" said Winnie.

"Bigamy."

Reggie said it so quietly and dramatically that he had to say it again, which rather spoilt the effect. But when they did grasp it, both of them were quite thrilled. They made Reggie tell them all about the case. Reggie wasn't quite sure of all the details, but he said he thought Charles had gone in for it in a big way. He seemed to remember several wives crying in the witness-box.

They stopped the taxi and had quite a long discussion about it. George swore Reggie was making a mistake. But Winnie said she thought it quite possible. Charles had such funny eyes. Reggie kept on saying he never forgot a face. Finally George had a brain-wave. He said if it had been Charles, Charles would be in prison now, so that settled that. Reggie played a trump card. The man at the Old Bailey, it seemed, had been acquitted on technical grounds. He remembered reading about it the next day. By this time it was too late to go into the cinema. They all went

[Continued on page 700.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MAURICE CHEVALIER—FOR NOT FORGETTING HIS STRAW HAT WHEN WEARING COLOURS.

LADY DAVIDSON—FOR TAKING THE PLACE OF A PEER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HERR GOTTLIEB—FOR INVENTING FINNY SHOES FOR SWIMMERS WHO WANT TO BE DUCK-LIKE.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN—FOR SEEING "VICTORIA REGINA" ON THE PUBLIC STAGE "AT LAST! AT LAST!"

The elevation of Sir John Davidson to the Peerage (as Viscount Davidson of Little Gaddesden, in the county of Hertfordshire) resulted in a by-election at Hemel Hempstead, his former constituency. His wife stood and was elected; so she may be said to have replaced a Peer in the House of Commons.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S series of one-scene playlets dealing with the life of Queen Victoria were not allowed to be presented publicly in England (although they were seen at the Gate Studio Theatre Club, and were presented in the United States) until June 1937, one hundred years having then elapsed since the accession of the Queen. At the close of the première of "Victoria Regina" at the Lyric, Mr. Housman made a speech of four words. He said: "At last! At last!"

If you want to swim like a duck, and are not quite up to aquatic bird standard, you have only to equip yourself with a pair of shoes fitted with two small metal fins which act on the same principle as webbed feet. They are the invention of HERR GOTTLIEB, of Vienna.

MAURICE CHEVALIER took an active part in the annual Paris Artists' Gymkhana at the Tremblay Hippodrome. He competed in a drivers' race, and wore his famous straw hat with his racing colours.

MISS POLLY WARD—FOR SPARRING UP TO TOMMY FARR AT "IN TOWN TO-NIGHT."

MISS POLLY WARD, who attended the Midnight Matinée at the London Coliseum, had the audacity to "spar up" with her white-gloved fist to TOMMY FARR, the British and Empire Heavy-weight Boxing Champion, who was among the celebrities in "In Town To-night."

One of BING CROSBY'S admirers sent him a highly-trained rooster as a token of his regard. Pete—we are told—can roller skate, lie down and go to sleep, or yell at the word of command. However, he knows when to keep quiet, for when Mary Carlisle and Bing Crosby started to study a scene in their new picture, "Double or Nothing," that clever rooster just supervised things.

THE ROOSTER IN THIS PICTURE—FOR DIRECTING BING CROSBY AND MARY CARLISLE IN "DOUBLE OR NOTHING."

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

MR. GERALD BROCKHURST, A.R.A., *the distinguished artist, is seen at the Café de Paris with* LADY DOVERDALE.

ALREADY I have many impressive, colourful, and beautiful memories of Coronation season—but when, in after years, I recall the crowded pageantry, the series of parties, and the superb ceremonies of 1937 London, I fancy that my thoughts will wing back to the first Buckingham Palace garden-party of King George VI.'s reign as one of the happiest gatherings I've ever attended. It gave me a real insight into the outlook of our friends from overseas. Their enthusiasm and loyalty for the King and Queen are simply unbounded. Many of the women at the party could not be persuaded to move from the vicinity of the Queen, and followed her up and down the avenues of guests which she, like the King and Queen Mary in other parts of the grounds, traversed, talking every now and then to people, nearly all from overseas, who had the honour to be presented.

MISS DIANA MILLS *wore a pretty imprimé two-piece when she went to watch the lawn tennis at Wimbledon.*

. . . . . .

Two Sydney girls, Miss Mary Frost and Miss Jess McLeod, told me about their presentation—the thrill of their lives. The Gentleman Usher preceding the King said, "Is there anyone from the Colonies here?", and they put up their hands. He then told them to stand by a gentleman as escort, and when the King came by they were presented, and his Majesty shook hands with them and said how glad he was to have them there. They were trembling like leaves when it was over, but you can imagine their delight. They were pretty girls, wearing organdie and lace frocks of the Ascot persuasion.

The arrangements were the same as always, with the arrival of the royal party by the garden gates. Queen Mary looked well in white, with lots of fine jewels; the Queen's pale cyclamen mauve was much admired; and both the royal Duchesses were in dresses they had worn at Ascot—the Duchess of Kent in her Gold Cup Day black, which suits her exceptionally well. The little Princesses wore sprigged muslins with shady hats and short gloves. I noticed how well and how gracefully Princess Elizabeth walks, and with what dignity she has already learnt to stand.

. . . .

Never has Covent Garden seen a bigger and better tiara parade than that on Wednesday night, when the King and Queen came to hear "Prince Igor," given in conjunction with the ballet. Her Majesty's blue dress was a shining, shimmering affair, and she wore a big sun-ray tiara and many jewels, while the audience, which consisted almost entirely of important marrieds of the "grown-up" set, were all well bejewelled also. Lady Cunard's huge party included Lady Diana Cooper, one of the very few women without a tiara—but how lovely she looked in her wreath of waxed flowers! Lady Anglesey wore a huge diamond and pearl diadem with her purple satin dress and red chiffon cloak; Lady Apsley, tiara-ed, but in her wheeled chair, of course, and accompanied by her sister, Lady Somers, looked very sweet. I noticed that the Allendales had their young son (now quite recovered from his shooting accident) in their box.

Lady (Edward) Beauchamp was in the stalls with Princess Sophia Duleep Singh, and had rather an agitated evening, as during the first act she remembered that she had left her pet dove out in the garden at Hampton Court Palace, where she has apartments. She had to dash to the telephone in the first interval and give orders for the bird to be brought in!

LORD *and* LADY DELAMERE *attended the première of "Floodlight," at the Saville Theatre.*

. . . . .

All good ballet fans have admired Alexandre Benois' *décor* for many years on the stage, and it was therefore with interest that they went to the opening of his exhibition at the Tooth Galleries to see the costume and stage drawings and realise how admirable the originals are. Drawings of interiors are particularly difficult, and here M. Benois shows what a fine artist he is, those of the Salon de Mme. de Maintenon at Fontainebleau and the Boudoir de Marguérite ("Dame aux Camélias") being particularly happy examples. In spite of his name, M. Benois is a Russian, and was well known as an artist in pre-war Russia, where he had canvases in most of the important art galleries before he turned to the ballet.

The Private View was attended by Prince and Princess Nikita of Russia, she very elegant in navy blue and a white hat, and Prince Vassili, another son of the Grand Duchess Xenia, was also there with his wife, she dressed in black and white. The de Basil Ballet was represented by Massine, and did your Mariegold have a thrill when he picked up her catalogue? He and M. Alexandre Benois had a long conversation together. It was disappointing that the sylph-like ballerinas who appear at Covent Garden, to our great delight, were absent, but there were several members of the Blum Ballet present. Other notabilities were the Sacheverell Sitwells, Lord Tredegar, and Mr. Duncan Grant.

. . . .

"At last! At last!" were the words of Mr. Laurence Housman's speech at the fall of the curtain on the occasion of the first public performance in London of his play "Victoria Regina," and they referred, of course, to the fact that the Censor had hitherto prohibited its production here. But if the author had to wait for thirty years before seeing it on the boards in London, he must have felt well compensated for the long

The MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN *and* SIR MICHAEL DUFF-ASSHETON-SMITH, BT. *(back row), and the* MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN *and* MISS ZENA DARE *(the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett) were at the first night of "Floodlight."*

delay when he heard the enthusiasm aroused by his play—or, rather, his series of playlets—and observed the extreme distinction of the crowd in the auditorium!

To begin with, several of Queen Victoria's own great-grandchildren were in the stalls. One could not help wondering what their reactions were, and asking "What is the sensation of seeing a great ancestress portrayed on the stage without any idealisation?" The descendants of Victoria Regina, who were the Duke of Kent, Lord Milford Haven, and his brother, Lord Louis Mountbatten, applauded the play and were obviously much interested by it. The two last-named are, it will be remembered, descended from the great Queen through Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, her second daughter.

. . . .

The Duchess of Kent on the stage bore no likeness to the present bearer of the title, whose elegance is unquestioned. On this occasion she was in sparkling black and looked as finished and as charming as ever. Black was also greatly in favour with many of the other women present. Lady Juliet Duff, for instance, and Lady Diana Cooper both wore it, and Lady Anglesey had a black dress and black "Juliet cap" on her hair, but wore a rose-coloured chiffon wrap. She was with her mother, Violet Duchess of Rutland, and brought one of her daughters, a poetical vision in white, and her young son, Lord Uxbridge. Lady Diana, who was not sitting with them, came over for a chat during one of the intervals. Lady Milford Haven, who brought her daughter, wore a short sable cape, and the Duchess of Sutherland, who, with the Duke, was in the stalls just behind their Highnesses of Kent, was in one of the favourite silver fox capes. Mr. Noel Coward was with Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, and had Lady Colefax next to him.

Lady Brownlow, in white, was in a box, and the society element in the auditorium was so strong that the intervals were just like an extremely distinguished party, with people chatting together from their seats. The Duke of Kent was particularly animated, and talked to all within reach, then going out with the Duchess into the foyer.

Many of the stage dresses are attractive, and though some seem peculiar to modern eyes, they have by now attained the dignity of a museum piece. The furniture and wallpapers were startling in their patterned brilliance, and it is odd to realise that in the Victorian era the idea that a room should be a good background for its inmates and their clothes was apparently unknown!

The engagement of MISS ANNE ELSPETH CAMPBELL, *only daughter of the late Brig.-General W. M. Campbell, M.V.O., the Black Watch, and of Mrs. Frank Shuttleworth, to* PRINCE ALEXANDER CRÖY, *younger son of Prince and Princess Alexander von Cröy-Dülmen, has been announced.*
[PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.]

. . . . . .

I have been hearing some interesting things about Lord Southwood of Fernhurst—the title by which Mr. Julius Salter Elias is in future to be known. He is one of the most notable personalities among the Coronation Year peers. This latest newspaper magnate to receive high honour is a tremendous worker. In his early days, when a junior clerk at 25s. a week in Odhams Bros., then a small firm of jobbing printers who employed some twenty people, he constantly used to sleep in the office, or, alternatively, to catch the 4.30 a.m. train from King's Cross and be on duty again at 9 a.m. Now, though a Power in the world of Print, he has not relaxed, but he

COUNT *and* COUNTESS HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW *were among the well-knowns who went to Wimbledon to watch the lawn tennis. She was Miss Barbara Hutton.*

has one of the great qualities of genius—he is never "too busy." His mind, like his desk, is always clear. He is ever ready to consider new ideas, and has never been seen out of temper or having lost his poise.

What, however, strikes me as one of the most notable things about that notable man, Lord Southwood, is that when discussing his prodigious success and his unerring faculty for knowing what the public wants, he merely says: "I am an ordinary man myself; that is why I know what ordinary people want."

. . . .

The Winning Post Ball was a good "in-aid-of" of the week. It was at Prince's—rather an unusual *milieu*, but excellent for this festivity, as rooms for bridge as well as for dancing, supping, and sitting-out were required. Mrs. Washington Singer, smart in silver and diamanté and a lovely sun-ray tiara, was in charge of the bridge and ran it very well.

Lady Ellesmere was Chairman of the Ball, and as it was for a Cripples' Training College at Leatherhead in which she is particularly interested, she put off her mourning for the night. She had the support of several of her daughters, including Lady Susan Askew, who looked smart in white satin; Lady Margaret Egerton, in pale blue; and Lady Mary Egerton, sweet and "Cranfordish" in spotted white and black muslin.

The speeches included witty efforts by Tom Walls, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, and Lord Ellesmere, and everyone was most grateful to the Duke of Gloucester for coming, as he had to hurry away from the Horse Show to get to the dinner. MARIEGOLD.

T.M. THE KING *and* QUEEN *paid their first visit to the opera since the Accession to hear "Prince Igor," given with the co-operation of the de Basil Ballets Russes, and are here seen in the royal box at Covent Garden with* VISCOUNT HAMBLEDEN *behind. The Queen wore a blue dress glittering with diamanté and sequin embroidery, and a sun-ray tiara.*

THE TAILWAGGERS' LUNCH AT THE SPOTTED DOG CLUB.

MISS MOLLIE SULLIVAN'S *Wonkie won first prize for good behaviour. Note Miss Sullivan's dress printed with polo ponies.*

The Tailwaggers' lunch at the Spotted Dog Club was one of the less conventional social fixtures of the week. Here MRS. GORDON HALSEY *and* the HON. ARTHUR GRENFELL *are seen with the hostess, "Dinah, the Dalmatian deb."*

Right: MISS "MIKI" HOOD *(left) and her pet Whimsey have every right to look pleased, for Whimsey received a prize for belonging to the best-looking owner.* MISS ERICA LESLIE *and Becky are on the right.*

This lunch-table snapshot shows MRS. LESLIE *with Mr. Bee, and* MISS PAMELA CHAMPAIN *with Rosie of Chester and Gary Cooper, the Pekes.*

Pekingese predominated at the party. Here is Mr. Wu with LADY BETTY BOURKE *and* MISS MARY HALL-CAINE, *the owner of Mr. Wu.*

Left: MISS DIANA TYRWHITT-DRAKE *and her Pekingese were guests.*

No "faults!"
DEWAR'S
"White Label"

A GRAND FINISH

... AT WHITE CITY

AT THE FINISHING POST . . . . by Gilbert Holiday

Greyhounds flashing over the line . . . the trained eye of the judge picks out the placings with micrometer-like precision . . . numbers appear instantly on the result board . . . a green light flashes O.K.

There is no thirty second thrill in the world to equal a greyhound race, and here Mr. Gilbert Holiday illustrates a typical finish at White City

VICTORIAN LIFE IN ART: A CENTENARY EXHIBITION.

"MADEMOISELLE MARIE ADELINE PLUNKET," *of Her Majesty's Theatre, (1854), by* RICHARD BUCKNER (1840-1879), *is a portrait of a dancer of Victorian days. London knows an amateur dancer of the same name—Lady Plunket.* *(See page 678.)*

"LADY DOROTHY NEVILL," *by* RICHARD BUCKNER (EXHIBITED, 1840-1879).—*[Lent by Mr. Frederick Nevill.]*

"SCENE AT SANDBATH," *by* JOHN LEACH, *bears the legend "The female Blondin outdone! Grand morning performance on the narrow plank by the darling. . . ." [Lent by Sir Alec Martin.]*

"BABY," *by* ARTHUR BOYD HOUGHTON (1836-1875), *is an attractive example of a Victorian interior, on view at the Centenary Show of Pictures of Victorian Life at the Leicester Galleries.*

THE LEGS AND THE BRAINS OF LAWN TENNIS—LEGS.

MISS HELEN JACOBS (U.S.A.)—No. 1.

FRU SPERLING (DENMARK)—No. 2.

SEÑORITA LIZANA (CHILE)—No. 3.

MLLE. JADWIGA JEDRZEJOWSKA (POLAND)—No. 4.

MISS ALICE MARBLE (U.S.A.)—No. 5.

MME. R. MATHIEU (FRANCE)—No. 6.

MISS DOROTHY ROUND (G.B.)—No. 7.

Footwork on the lawn tennis court is, as everyone knows, a very important part of the game, and so is agility—hence the feet and legs play a big part in achieving success on the courts. On this page we give photographs of the ankles and legs of the eight women players seeded in the Wimbledon draw, together with their Wimbledon ranking.

MISS KAY STAMMERS (G.B.)—No. 8.

THE LEGS AND THE BRAINS OF LAWN TENNIS—BRAINS.

MISS HELEN JACOBS.

FRU SPERLING (FORMERLY FRÄULEIN KRAHWINKEL).

SEÑORITA ANITA LIZANA.

MLLE. JADWIGA JEDRZEJOWSKA.

MISS ALICE MARBLE.

MME. MATHIEU.

MISS DOROTHY ROUND.

On our facing page we give photographs of the legs and ankles of the eight seeded women players at Wimbledon. Here we give studies of their heads—for, though legs, ankles, and arms are very important "weapons" in the armoury of the Centre Court player, it 's the brain that directs the game!

MISS KAY STAMMERS.

QUEEN VICTORIA PRESENTED ON T
IN ONE: HOUSMAN'S "VICTOR

"MORNING GLORY," *1840. Prince Albert's dressing-room at Windsor Castle is one of the episodes presented in Laurence Housman's* "VICTORIA REGINA," *at the Lyric, which, one hundred years after Queen Victoria's accession, has been licensed for public performance here.* PAMELA STANLEY *and* CARL ESMOND *are seen as the newly-married pair.*

"WOMAN PROPOSES," *1839. A sitting-room in Windsor Castle.* PAMELA STANLEY *and* CARL ESMOND *play this naïve scene with great charm.*

"UNDER FIRE," *1842. A room in Buckingham Palace overlooking the Park. Lady Muriel* (PAMELA CARME) *and Lady Grace* (FRANCES CLARE) *learn from Prince Albert and the Queen that she has been fired at by a lunatic.*

"UNDER FIRE," *1842. A room in Buckingham Palace overlooking the go out driving although the police know that*

"A GOOD LESSON," *1842. Prince Albert's writing-room at Buckingham Palace. The Prince teaches his royal wife that she cannot always order him about.*

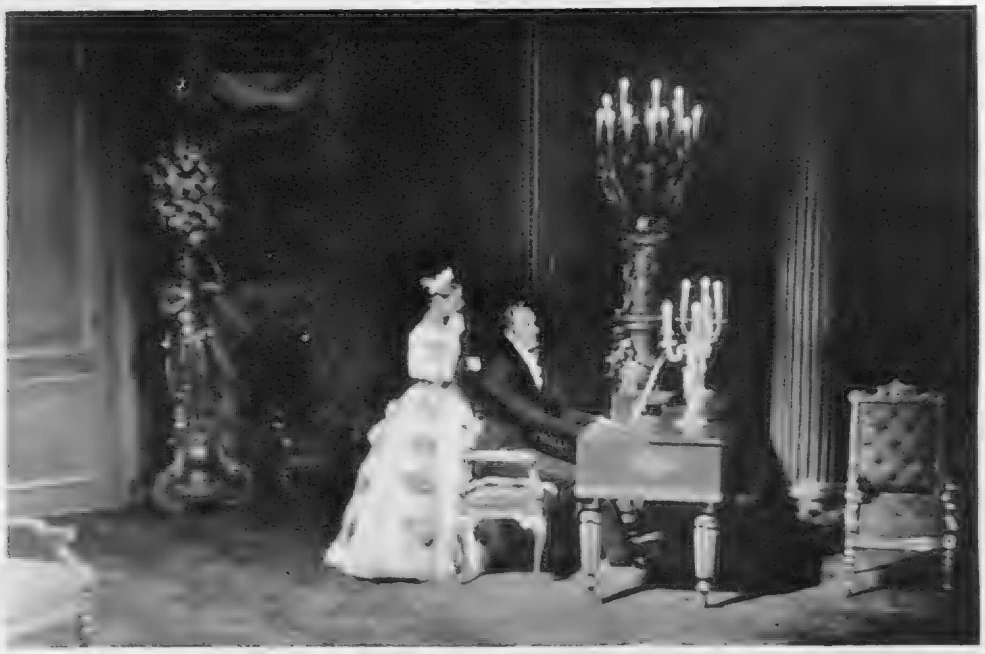
Right: "THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER!" *1877. A garden tent at Balmoral Castle. The old Queen, who awaits Disraeli, gives her instructions to John Brown* (DAVID BURNEY).

E LONDON STAGE IN NINE PLAYS
A REGINA" LICENSED AT LAST.

" MORNING GLORY," *1840. Victoria* (PAMELA STANLEY) *is enthralled by the sight of Albert* (CARL ESMOND) *shaving.*

"THE ROSE AND THE THORN," *1846. An ante-chamber at Windsor Castle. The Duchess of Sutherland* (MABEL TERRY-LEWIS) *tells Lady Jane* (PENELOPE DUDLEY-WARD) *that she must not resign.*

k. The young Queen and the Prince Consort decide that she must e madman will attempt to shoot her.



"THE ROSE AND THE THORN," *1846. An ante-chamber at Windsor Castle. The Queen, who has given way to unreasonable jealousy, listens to Prince Albert singing "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."*

"THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER!" *1877. A garden tent at Balmoral. Victoria has just conferred the Garter on Benjamin Disraeli (the Earl of Beaconsfield;* ERNEST MILTON).

Left: "HAPPY AND GLORIOUS," *1897. Buckingham Palace. The old Queen, surrounded by her descendants, after having celebrated her Diamond Jubilee.*

WHISTLER AND MARIE LAURENCIN PICTURES BY SOCIETY WOMEN.

Right: MRS. T. PHIPPS *and* MISS JEAN MARTINEAU *will represent a painting by* MARIE LAURENCIN, *the well-known modern French artist, in the series of tableaux vivants to be presented this afternoon, June 30, at Grosvenor House.*

Below:
LADY MARY ACHESON *(right), younger daughter of the Earl of Gosford and of Mildred Countess of Gosford, and* MISS VIRGINIA BARNATO, *daughter of Captain Woolf Barnato, are here posed as Whistler's "Study in White" as they will be seen in the series of tableaux vivants, "A Picture Gallery Come to Life," to be presented this afternoon before H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER NORTH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER NORTH.

THE COUNTESS OF RONALDSHAY AS A FRAGONARD.

The COUNTESS OF RONALDSHAY *will be seen this afternoon, June 30, as "The Souvenir," by Fragonard, in the series of tableaux vivants, "A Picture Gallery Come to Life," at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Council for the Promotion of Occupational Industries Among the Physically Handicapped. She is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Eben Pike and Mrs. Pike ("Olive Snell," the artist), and was Miss Pen Pike.*

ALL IN THE NEWS THIS WEEK.

UDAY SHAN-KAR, *the famous Hindu dancer, and his company of native dancers and musicians are appearing at the Gaiety for a fortnight from July 5.*

LADY PLUNKET, *the beautiful wife of Lord Plunket, is an accomplished amateur dancer and often appears for charity at "in-aid-of" dances. She is seen with a partner giving a number at a recent function. A namesake, Mlle. Plunket, is shown on page 671.*

CAPTAIN XAVIER BIZARD, *of the Saumur Cavalry School, France, won the King George V. Trophy for the officers' jumping competition at the International Horse Show at Olympia, on his eight-year-old black gelding Honduras. He was the only officer to ride the course faultlessly. The jumping was witnessed by the King and Queen and their daughters, and his Majesty presented the trophy to Captain Bizard.*

The marriage of MISS JEANETTE MACDONALD, *the screen star, to* MR. GENE RAYMOND, *also a film personality, took place in Hollywood. Our group shows (l. to r.)* MISS HELEN FERGUSON, MISS MARIE BLAKE, *the* BRIDE *and* BRIDEGROOM, MISS FAY WRAY, MISS GINGER ROGERS, *and* MRS. JOHN MACK BROWN.

The COUNTESS OF RADNOR *and the* HON. ROBERT DIGBY *attended the London Casino for the International Horse Show Night.*

The EARL OF RADNOR *and* LADY DIGBY *are seen at the London Casino International Horse Show Night dinner.*

DAUGHTER OF A LOVELY CHILEAN.

LADY GLORIA FISHER is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne. Her wedding to Mr. Nigel Fisher took place in 1935, a year after her début. Lady Gloria's sister, Lady Honor Vaughan, is a débutante of this year. Lady Lisburne is Chilean by birth, and was Mlle. Regina de Bittencourt.

PHOTOGRAPH IN COLOUR BY WALTER BIRD.

GOOD HEALTH!
KIA·ORA
Lemon
MIX WITH WATER (HOT OR COLD) OR SODA WATER
KIA-ORA LTD BLACKFRIARS LONDON S.E.1
KIA-ORA-GOOD HEALTH
Doctors advise Kia-Ora
Doctors drink Kia-Ora
Concentrated and Pure
Lemon, Orange, Grapefruit,
Lime Juice - 2/- a large bottle
Barley Lemon 1/9 a large bottle

PHOTOGRAPH BY MERLYN SEVERN.

DRESSING THE SWAN PRINCESS.

This fine photograph of NANA GOLLNER, *the new prima ballerina of the Blum Ballets de Monte Carlo, whose season at the London Coliseum has just ended, is described by the artist who took it as "a candid camera-study." It shows her in her dressing-room standing to allow the dress-makers to put the finishing touches to her costume for "Le Lac des Cygnes," in which exacting rôle she has made a big success.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

"VICTORIA REGINA," now licensed to be performed and presented at the Lyric Theatre in an exquisite Rex Whistler frame, includes nine of the many dramatic sketches which Mr. Laurence Housman has written round Queen Victoria's life during recent years. They cover the sixty years between the Accession to the Throne and the Diamond Jubilee. The selection of the sketches has been made with an obvious and meritorious desire to avoid making mischief, and the result is calculated to strengthen monarchical sentiment rather than to encourage superior smiles. The long veto imposed on this play, presumably in the interests of the Court, surely imposed as much loss on the glory of Windsor as it did on the purse of poor Mr. Housman, who now, reaping late, will certainly reap richly, since his rewards of authorship are likely to be as large as they are unpunctual.

"THE KING'S PIRATE," *at the St. Martin's. Sir Walter Ralegh ("Rawly," please!)* (WYNDHAM GOLDIE), *maddened by the failure of his Guiana expedition, has a desire to kill. He is prevented in the execution of this manly notion by Captain Roger North* (EDWARD WHEATLEIGH) *and Captain Sir Warham St. Leger* (OLIVER JOHNSTON).

"THE KING'S PIRATE." *One of the domestic problems of King James I. is here illustrated. Vigorously plying that laughable, but necessary Jacobean instrument, the back-scratcher, and crying, "Ah canna get at it!", James I. and VI.* (WILFRID LAWSON) *makes an uproarious entry.*

New York has rejoiced in "Victoria Regina" on a grand scale; London, up till now, on the very small one provided by the Gate Theatre. Mr. Gilbert Miller and Mr. Norman Marshall have done the right thing by retaining Miss Pamela Stanley in Victoria's part. I am told by those who have seen the show in New York that our Miss Stanley can easily stand up to their Miss Hayes, and that is saying a great deal. Her performance is more effective at the close, where her mask of the old lady is wonderfully clever. In the early scenes she has such a brilliant companion in Mr. Carl Esmond's Prince Albert that she is occasionally and inevitably outshone. Why not? The Prince was, for a while, the predominant partner. Mr. Esmond's acting, with its mixture of boyishness and gravity and its suggestion of real admiration for Albert's gifts, is a lovely piece of work.

You pay your money and take your choice among the eminent Victorians. Do you want a peep at John Brown amidst the tartan upholstery of Balmoral? Certainly. Mr. James Woodburn will give it you, while introducing Mr. Ernest Milton as the glib and oily "Dizzy," a strikingly clever picture of the man who knew that, after a prolonged dose of Liberal education from the quenchless Gladstone, the old lady would enjoy some brief conversational lollipops and was himself no mean confectioner in that line. Do not be late or you will miss Mr. Allan Aynesworth, superb as Lord Chamberlain Conyngham. You will not let your attention wander in the middle, since the neat and bitter-sweet episode called "The Rose and the Thorn" will arrest it, and you will not leave early, because the happy and glorious invalid and Queen Empress of 1897 is the crown of Miss Stanley's performance.

Oxford gave us "TWELFTH NIGHT" in the Fellows Garden at Exeter, a pleasant spot by the side of Brasenose Lane into which I had never penetrated before. It is undeniable that anybody who gives us "Twelfth Night" on a summer evening, amidst the stone and timber of an Oxford garden, is a benefactor. The O.U.D.S. comedians were, I thought, rather less than comic: in the playing of Sir Toby, ripeness, if not all, is very nearly so. Undergraduate acting is bound to lack that amplitude of style and flow of personality which Shakespearean clowning demands. The ladies, however, took the too hesitant men, as it were, by the scruff of the neck and got them through, rather as Miss Wethered (Lady Heathcoat-Amory) gets her partners through to certain victory each October in the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon. What a charming Viola was Miss Rachel Kempson; how fresh and young and lively—as the part well may be—Miss Alexis France's Maria, and how excellent in prose and poetry of grief Miss Phyllis Konstam's Olivia!

Mr. Paul Leslie's play, "SATYR," at the Shaftesbury, introduces us to a criminal lunatic whose special prey is young girls. Inevitably, then, it ranks in the category of Plays Unpleasant. For my part, I can see no reason why anybody should want to write or act plays about criminal lunatics whose special prey is young girls. I should leave these matters to the text-books of medical criminology and the gloomy walls of the asylum. However, if it is to be done, I admit with alacrity that Mr. Leslie did it with a scrupulous resolve to make a clean, clear, scientific study of a wretched boy who knew not his own ghastly inheritance of tainted character, and that this part and that of his mother were acted with a brilliant quietism by Mr. Marius Goring and Miss Flora Robson. The cat-like creature whom Mr. Goring created was memorable for the austerity and restraint of the acting, and was not at all an exploitation of macabre effects.

Miss Constance Cummings is an actress who could coax me into believing most things, and furthermore, in "THREE SET OUT," at the Embassy, she has for junior counsel two extremely persuasive actors, Mr. Walter Hudd and Mr. Michael Redgrave. Yet the upshot of Mr. Phillip Leaver's play—namely, that the taste of riches turns bitter in the mouth, and that youth, with its debts and dilemmas and despairs, is far better fun than the subsequent prosperity—seems to be such sentimental blather that not even these advocates could win my support for the contention. But the fact that you do not accept a dramatist's message does not mean that you are bored by his methods. Far from it. Mr. Leaver, while raising his three young people from squalor to success and starting them on the return journey, shows an actor's knowledge of "what will go." His dialogue manages to be witty without strain and natural without dullness. His play is "bitty," but the particular bit played by Miss Marjorie Fielding and Mr. Henry Wolston is immensely amusing. The characters tend to behave very oddly, but one is glad to have met them. Miss Constance Cummings, who can play melodrama or light comedy with a rare command of the business, brings great distinction to the acting. She has been unlucky with her plays this year and none more merits "a good break."

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

It is doubtful whether the general public will regard so shattering an experience as "WE FROM KRONSTADT" (a Russian film introduced to London by the Film Society and now presented at the Academy) as entertainment for a summer's day, or any other day, for that matter. It is, moreover, impossible wholly to ignore the picture's obvious bias, yet this documentary drama of the battle between the Red and White armies at the portals of Petrograd in 1919 is undeniably gripping, and an interesting study in screen-craft. The scenario was written by Vishnevsky, a former sailor, who is now a noted Soviet writer. He has chosen as a link in the events of a grim struggle—for the story value is of the slightest—a sailor whose sympathy with revolutionary ideals does not extend to short rations and civilian commands. He emerges eventually from discontent and a private quarrel with a peasant-soldier into heroism for the Cause. He, the sole survivor of a group of Red sailors ruthlessly drowned by the Whites, summons help from Kronstadt in the nick of time. Under Dzigan's direction, the picture moves slowly, but its tension is never for an instant relaxed. The atmosphere is charged with suspense and so tautly strained that the occasional touches of humour cannot deflect the purpose of the drama from its path. Nor does the vacillating quality of the photography, brilliant at times, and occasionally surprisingly flat, weaken the cumulative power of a chronicle of internecine warfare that is terrible in detail, tragic in its intensity, but certainly no fare for weak nerves.

At the risk of being dubbed a sentimentalist, I give full marks to Paramount's new picture, "MAKE WAY FOR TO-MORROW" (Plaza). This domestic drama, based on a prize novel by Josephine Lawrence, is developed with insight and humour, beautifully acted, and almost painfully true to life. It presents a problem which only those who have not encountered it will shrug aside as "sob-stuff." An old couple, Barkley and Lucy Cooper, unable to keep up the payments on their house, are homeless after fifty years of married life. Temporary shelter is offered them by two of their five children, whose own lives have long ago settled into separate grooves into which the old people do not fit. And the bitterness of it is that they really do not fit. Mother's ideas of courtesy and "small talk" disturb her daughter-in-law's evening bridge classes and drive her grand-daughter's boy friends out of the house, with the result that the ebullient flapper kicks over the traces. Father, quartered on a daughter with an out-of-work husband, finds cold comfort in a harassed household. In the end, he is shipped off to another daughter in California, whilst Mother forestalls ejection by retiring into a Home for Aged Women. But before they part, Lucy and her "Bark" spend five hours together, gay, nostalgic hours, during which the old sweethearts recapture the past. Leo McCarey, who directed the memorable "Ruggles of Red Gap," handles the picture quietly and naturally. He does not force the pathos of it, nor does he weight the scales too heavily on one side or the other, though he lingers a trifle too long over the final pilgrimage in search of memories. But with Victor Moore, Beulah Bondi, and an admirable company to strengthen its veracity with their fine character-studies, the piece seldom—and only in the closing chapter—diverges from reality.

The plot of a spectacular musical show such as "TOP OF THE TOWN," at the Leicester Square Theatre, is of no great importance, and the conflicting tastes of two producers, one professional, the other decidedly amateur, serve at least to introduce into the final ensemble a battle of high- and low-brow that works up to a rousing climax. Thus the tale fulfils its purpose, though the romance of a lovely heiress who falls in love with a young band-leader and attempts to give artistic uplift to night-club entertainment does not exactly sparkle with humour before it plunges into the glittering vortex of a cabaret on the roof of the soaring Mammoth Centre Radio. Then, indeed, the picture scintillates like Aladdin's cave. The set itself, with its high-flung balconies, vast dance floor, and surrounding star-spangled curtains, is a magnificent piece of modern *décor*, and when, in this shimmering arena, the whole assembly of guests and *coryphées*, singers, dancers and bands succumb to the stimulus of red-hot rhythm, the effect is electrical. George Murphy, a pleasant hero, gets his chance to glide into a delightfully fluent dance, and Henry Armetta scores the biggest laugh with his thumbnail burlesque of an Italian conductor imported by the heroine as a counterblast to "swing." A charming newcomer, Doris Nolan, defends her pseudo Russian innovations with a gallant spirit and Mischa Auer, as a Hamlet with a negro chorus, claims a grandly comic moment in the medley of song and dance.

"THE GREAT ROMANCER," *recently at the New. "Lapin Dumas" is the subject of this drawing. Alexandre Dumas* (ROBERT MORLEY) *brings a new work before the public. His publishers ravenously await his manuscript, while his entourage await—not so ravenously—the results of his culinary researches. On the left stands Michel* (RONALD SIMPSON), *and on the right Victor Brun* (ERIC PORTMAN).

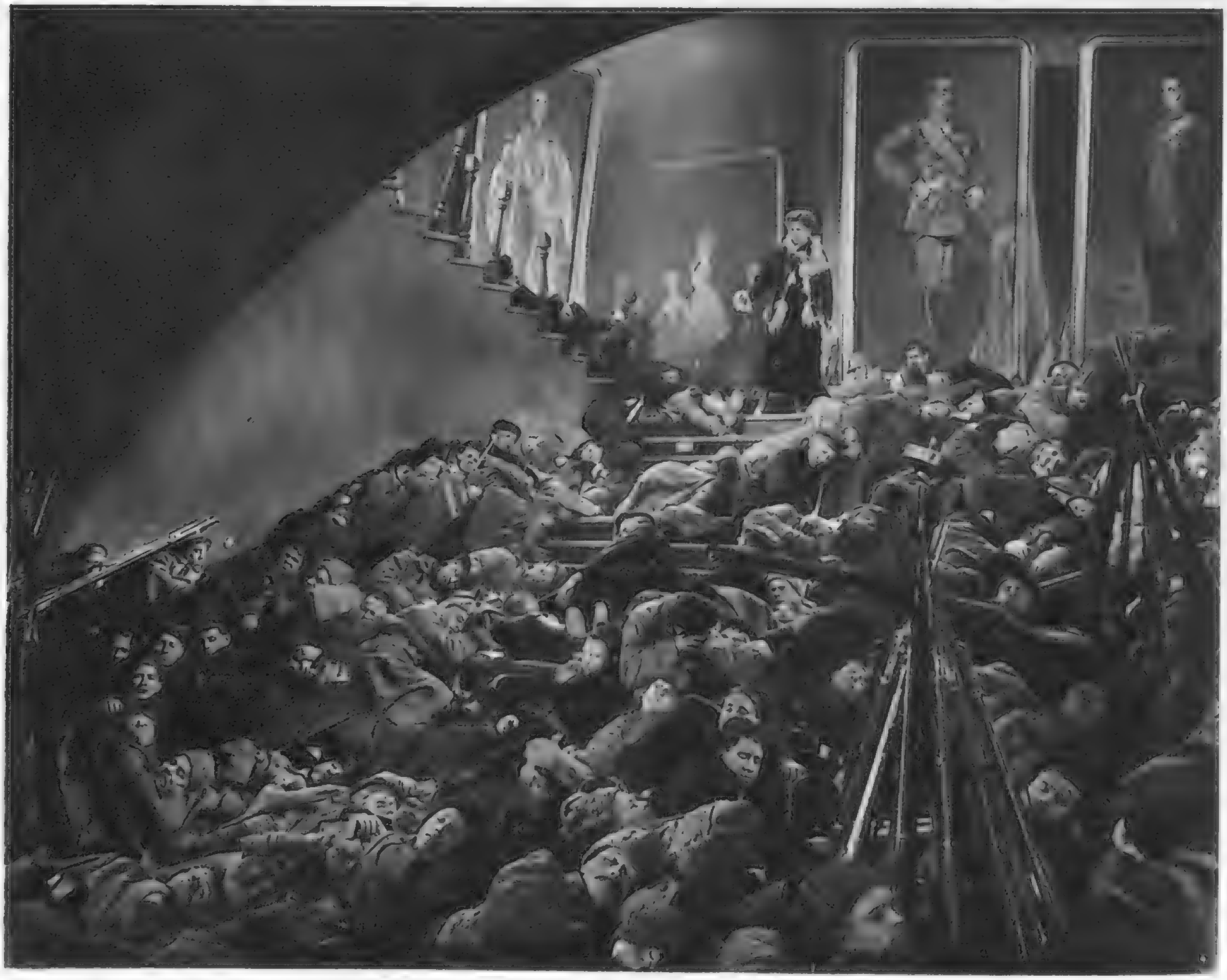
"THE GREAT ROMANCER." *Some further fiction from M. Dumas! Summoned to meet H.M. Queen Victoria, Alexandre Dumas* (ROBERT MORLEY) *rises from a bed of pain and, finding himself without a collar, cuts one out of blotting-paper. Michel* (RONALD SIMPSON) *stands by, fascinated and speechless.*

"THE WOMAN BETWEEN" (London Pavilion), a triangle drama lifted from a French novel, "L'Equipage," is a straggler left behind by the romantic fiction inspired by the Great War, and something of a throw-back, both emotionally and constructionally, to conventions that have had their day. It is the story of a young lieutenant of the French Air Force who falls in love with a fair stranger in Paris, and discovers, at a much later stage, that his "Denise" is "Hélène," the adored wife of his dearest friend. The situation is solved by the younger man's death in an air-raid, after much tribulation and soul-searchings. Paul Muni's restrained study of the husband, an unlucky and unpopular pilot, is as good as it can be, considering his material, and Miriam Hopkins must be forgiven for facing her dilemma with melancholy resignation.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page xvi.

STIRRING DRAMA FROM RUSSIA—"WE FROM KRONSTADT."

"WE FROM KRONSTADT," the stirring drama from Russia which has just been presented at the Academy Cinema, depicts the Kronstadt sailors' rout of the White forces in defence of Petrograd. The action takes place in 1919, when the Bolsheviks were defending the city against the White Armies. After heavy fighting, the Kronstadt sailors arrive in time. This dramatic photograph shows one of the ships of the stationary Kronstadt fleet.



Right: Here the defenders of Petrograd are snatching a few moments' repose on the great staircase of a palace—once the scene of splendid and luxurious entertainments. The scenario was written by Vsevolod Vishnevsky, a former sailor and now a noted Soviet writer.

Alice through the Guinness Glass

"Stand up and repeat ''Tis the voice of the lobster'," said the Gryphon.

"But I can't remember the first verse," said Alice.

"Then go on with the next verse," the Gryphon replied impatiently; "it begins 'I passed by his garden'."

Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice :—

"I passed them a Guinness and marked with displeasure
How the Clerk and the Banker were sharing the treasure;
The Banker disposed of the contents complete,
While the Clerk had the glass as his share of the treat.
When the Guinness was finished, the Clerk, as a favour,
Was kindly permitted to hear of the flavour:
The Banker remarking, 'I really do think
That nought can compare with this excellent drink.
The head is so creamy, the flavour so mellow,
I'm glad to have shared it with you, my good fellow'."

"What *is* the use of repeating all that stuff?" the Mock Turtle interrupted.

"Yes, I think you'd better leave off now," said the Gryphon, "if that's only the second verse."

"But there's time for one more," said Alice.

"Then mine's a Guinness," shouted the Mock Turtle eagerly.

G.E. 678

THE SKETCH DIARY OF

JOHN EVERARD.

THE Rev-Robe Travel Wardrobe is shown in greater detail immediately below, so that you may appreciate just how easy it is to pack ten dresses without having to fold any of them and with the certain knowledge that they will not require any pressing at the journey's end.

All you have to do is to completely take off the lid, hang the frocks on hangers, hinge back the jointed hanger-rod, and the Foldfast Coupling does the rest.

You can get a Rev-Robe for as little as three guineas at the Revelation Suitcase Company, you can pack without worrying in a few minutes, and you can carry it yourself, for it is not so very much larger than a hatbox.

IF you want to get every ounce of enjoyment out of your holiday—if you want to make a good impression when you arrive—if you want to have as little trouble as possible once you are away—make a point of getting carefully planned modern luggage. It can be as useful as a personal maid, and it 's less expensive to keep. Our traveller sits on a Rev-Robe case, while at her feet is a Revelation suit-case in rawhide, lined with linen, and a rawhide hat-box lined with moiré and fitted with two side pockets. The suit-case, which expands in the most obliging manner, costs £8 7s. 6d., and the hat-box £4 7s. 6d.

For the things she may want on her journey she has a Last-Minute bag in pigskin. Linen lined, with pockets at each side, it has a stiff base, it is zip fastened, it costs £3 2s. 6d., and it can be padlocked. You will find every sort of modern luggage, from the sturdy but inexpensive to the frankly luxurious, at the Revelation Suitcase Company, 170, Piccadilly, W.1.

FASHION

EDITED BY
OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

JOHN EVERARD.

All Set for a Perfect Holiday

ONCE away, you will want dresses that will remain fresh and practical without needing a lot of attention, no matter how hard you wear them. Here are two that would be perfect for a holiday afloat or by the sea. The first, worn by the girl who is standing in the large picture, is a culotte in a washable Matrix silk and wool material, with a gaily printed scarf tucked into the neck of the shirt-waist top. So beautifully is it cut that it is only in movement that one realises the skirt is divided.

The second is an uncreasable white linen suit with a red and green belt and a scarf in the same bright colours. Both are Matita models, which means that they are cut with a *flair* that makes them stand out anywhere, and that they are most perfectly tailored. You can get them almost everywhere, or you can find out anything you want to know about Matita's wildly successful summer collection by ringing up Museum 0725.

PLANNING YOUR HOLIDAY CLOTHES

It is sometimes wiser to Spend than to Save
So make the most of the Summer Sales.

THEY 'RE here—the Summer Sales—showering gifts on the strong-minded—providing pitfalls for the unwary inasmuch as the bargains are so staggering that it is a temptation to buy things on the vague chance that they may prove useful some day. The thing to do, of course, is to make a list, to set out determined to bide by it—and to leave oneself a margin for frivolities.

Let 's first make a dash for Marshall and Snelgrove, in Oxford Street, for their sale began on June 21. We will hope that they still have some of their famous " Fama " silk stockings, for they began with 2200 dozen pairs, and they reduced them all from 8s. 11d. to 3s. 6d. a pair. There are twenty colours, too, so this is obviously a thing that should not be missed. Then, if you want a dress by Patou or Mainbocher or Lucien Lelong or Alix, or by many another French designer, see their model gowns, which are being sold at less than half-price. Or if it is a cocktail dress you are wanting—the sort you can dine in very happily, go up to the Débutantes' Department and ask to see their " Noreen "—a frock made in satin-backed marocain with a heart-shaped net bodice gathered over flesh-coloured ninon. It costs only 55s. In point of fact, whatever you want, whatever you are like, whatever you want to pay, you 'll find things that will intrigue you at this sale.

NEXT we must wend our way to Woollands, of Knightsbridge, for their sale also began on June 21. Here you can find an enchanting printed crêpe dress with a matching jacket, reduced from 7½ guineas to 98s. 6d. The colourings are exquisite, and the design particularly distinguished. Their hat department is famous, and the reductions there will fulfil the expectations even of the most optimistic. Evening coats for summer evenings sometimes provide a problem which their little boleros in black, in moonlight, or in black and silver sequins, with graceful cape sleeves, settle most satisfactorily.

From there, on to Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, whose sale began two days ago. It would be a grand idea to get one of their holiday travel coats, cut on box lines and beautifully tailored in grey flannel or white, natural, navy, or gold cloth. Price 30s. Add " Candida," one of their sports frocks in summer-weight flannel, with a zip fastening at the neck and mock pockets down the front of the bodice, for it is the same price—and it is a marvel. Be sure, too, to look at their silk chiffon nightdresses, softly frilled, and trimmed with shoulder bows, made in pastels and the most glorious deep colours, all for 12s. 11d. Little puff-sleeved jackets to match, 6s. 11d.

THEN to Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street—but not until July 5. You 'll be thrilled with their beach dresses, all of which have been reduced from 59s. 6d. to 29s. 6d. And with their beach skirts and sun tops, in linen, cotton, or wool, all at 20s. the set. They also have some sylph-like knickers in very fine artificial silk, with fancy lastex at the waist and knees, made in beige, peach, ivory, and black, for 5s. If you are wanting the sort of tea-gown in which you dine at home, they have some beautiful ones in exceptionally good prints—crêpes-de-Chine and crepons—for 6½ guineas instead of 10½ guineas. And you certainly should not overlook their satin and lace wrappers (velvets and printed crêpes, too), reduced to £6 from 10½ guineas. They have, as well, the most comforting summer panties and belts in two-way stretch mercerised net, firm and cool, with two small, removable cross-bones to control the waist. These cost two guineas, or they have a shorter sports belt in two-way stretch cotton net, with a reinforced front panel, for 18s. 6d.

Away again, this time to Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road. They are anticipating the autumn by selling now (that is, during their sale, which begins on July 5), at prices like 5½ guineas, coats that later on will be 7½ guineas. For instance, the " Emden," which is a cloth coat in nigger, navy, or black, with a handsome fox collar. Or the " Evora," which is a loose ⅞-length tweed coat, made in several colours, with a collar of Indian lamb. Present price, 98s. 6d. Usual price, 6½ guineas. In their Model Gown salon there are graceful lace dresses for as little as 5½ guineas, while they are having a complete clearance of summer silks, artificial silks and cottons at prices that are really amazing.

WE need say little about Jaeger's Fashion Sale, which starts at all their branches on July 5. Or about their General Sale, which begins on the same day at Regent Street. If you want woollies, or seaside clothes, or the gayest of accessories, make a point of visiting them early.

These few items, chosen at random, can give so little idea of the good buys that are waiting. The best thing to do is to send at once for sale catalogues from each of the shops, to go through them carefully, and so to achieve the estimable virtue of economy without having to practise self-denial !

1.28

Terrific Excitement!
lapping
at 100 m.p.h.
and this,
your first trip
round
Brooklands . . .

back
in the paddock
once more
you
instinctively
light
a cigarette . . .

it's curious
how
wonderfully calming
a cigarette
can be
after
a thrilling experience.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"THE HAPPIER EDEN," translated into terms of the situation presented and developed in Mrs. Kean Seymour's novel, means, roughly, the state of ignorance in which Miles Gresham would have liked to keep his wife as to his past life in South America before he married her. That experience was such as to make the word "married," as a description of his present relationship with Rome, a misnomer; for he had already entered into that condition with a Brazilian lady and never legally abandoned it. He was, in fact, a bigamist; and being a nice man in other ways, though beneath his wife in social station, he felt uncomfortable. The original Mrs. Gresham had disappeared out of his life, but she lived in his memory, and his successful novel, "Episode in the Sun," was all about her. Rome, a woman of a generous nature, was prepared to give the "episode" the benefit of the doubt; after all, novelists write from imagination as well as from experience. But her brother and her sisters, who disapproved intensely of her marriage, were less indulgent; and clues came to light which obliged Miles to admit that the episode was founded in fact. But he was determined his wife should not know that, besides the moral law, the law of the land stood like an angel with a flaming sword, ready to turn them out of their paradise.

The engagement of the HON. NANCY BRETT, *second daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Esher, to* MR. EVELYN SHUCKBURGH, *H.M. Diplomatic Service, eldest son of Sir John and Lady Shuckburgh, has been announced.*

Roast "swan," a traditional Thames dish, was on the menu at the Midnight Party given by Mr. Robert Stevenson, the film director, and his wife, MISS ANNA LEE, *the screen actress, on board the "New Dagenham."* MISS LILLI PALMER, *one of the guests, is here inspecting this dish.*

The Serpent. Mrs. Seymour relates, with much subtlety and skill, how Miles was driven from one position to another in defence of his secret and (as he believed) their joint happiness. In a sense, the plot is rather old-fashioned: coincidence upon coincidence, some unlikely though none impossible, occurs to let new light into that all too sunny episode. Moreover, Mrs. Seymour has recourse to that commonplace of Victorian fiction, now discredited—a villain. Rome's brother-in-law, Mark, is the real serpent in the Greshams' Eden. His malignity was not entirely motiveless: he had got himself into a scrape by making love to Celia, his niece by marriage, and worry and vindictiveness combined to produce the ugly fruit blackmail. It looks as though Rome's marriage, so successful in every aspect but the legal one, is bound to suffer shipwreck. But Mrs. Seymour has two surprises in store for us. One of them belongs to the tradition of Victorian melodrama; even while we rapturously welcome it, we shake our heads; it is too good to be true. The other is an expedient that belongs to no special date. It is as old as Cain and Abel. Strictly speaking, I suppose, Mrs. Seymour could have achieved her object without it. Once the forgery had been exposed, no further spiking of guns was necessary. But the scenes which lead up to it are almost the finest in the book. Claudia's sick distaste at the revelation of the kind of man her husband was is wonderfully conveyed; we shudder with her, and read on furiously to discover how, and to whose undoing, the sleeping-draught *motif* is going to be developed.

A Sequel? "The Happier Eden" is an exceedingly well-written, well-constructed book, and I could find few flaws in it, except a misquotation from Keats. Some might complain (to quote Miles) that it isn't a novel about "ordinary people earning their own livings." The characters have been "provided by a thoughtful Providence with comfortable incomes." Strangely enough, this does not make their emotions or their personalities seem any the less real. Even when one does not like them one can sympathise with them—with Lynette, for instance, tied to an ineffective husband and growing spiteful and small-minded. Celia's change of nature (always a difficult task for the novelist to attempt) is convincingly portrayed. The relationship between Miles and Rome, the central subject of the story, is slightly overshadowed towards the end by the crisis between Mark and Claudia; but this does not spoil the balance of the book, it merely strengthens the finale and, by leaving in the air a pregnant question-mark, perhaps prepares the way for a sequel. One hopes so; for the situation then to be explored would tax the author's powers, and (unlike most people's) they respond to taxation. The restraint and control which make her strong scenes telling are a little lost on the give-and-take of ordinary social intercourse.

"Highland River." Not exactly a novel, "Highland River" is a leisurely account of a Highland lad's education—in what? It is not quite easy to say. In fishing, the flippant might reply. Fishing was certainly Kenn's passion; and the most dramatic scenes in the story are fisherman's tales. Too exciting (unlike some stories of their kind) to challenge credulity, they illustrate, perhaps better than any other incident in his career, the hero's pertinacity. He loved the silver salmon as if he were their father, and though humanitarians may sigh, and orthodox sportsmen frown, at these Homeric battles in which boulders and bare hands were pitted against piscine strength and cunning, they will not fail to feel the thrill of the contest. But Kenn had other experiences—the war was one—and other interests to draw out the qualities of mind, heart, and imagination which as a boy he lavished on the salmon. Of the latter, scholarship was the chief. In the pursuit of knowledge he went from strength to strength; a poor man's son, he outdistanced all competitors, to the intense,

[Continued overleaf.

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO., Ltd., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

Continued.]

if subdued, delight of his parents. Subdued, because any demonstration of affection was taboo in that stern society—

A Shameful Weakness. He could never remember having been kissed by his mother, and certainly never by his father. Any overflow of affection came through the hands or the tone of the voice. None of the mothers in that land kissed their sons. If it had been known that a boy had been kissed by his mother, not a dozen school fights would clear him of the dark shame of such weakness. . . . Anger, outbursts of temper, fighting were not uncommon, but affection was shy and as invisible as death. Indeed, it was the one quality Kenn never thought of himself as possessing. And not unnaturally, for in his continuous effort to win balance and self-sufficiency, his parents were his judges, ready to condemn and—though rarely—to punish.

Yet of all the personal emotions that endure from that time, this silent, invisible affection is the most potent.

Small wonder that the current of Kenn's life turned inwards, and that for private satisfaction he had recourse to abstractions—abstractions with a mystical foundation which supported his spirit. The most potent of these came to him from childhood: it was a preoccupation with the river which had given him the most intense experiences of his youth. He felt that if he could but find its source, a revelation, a glimpse of the meaning of life, awaited him. Mr. Gunn has a natural gift for describing the regions of the consciousness where—like his own river—the springs of personality have their source. Nor, in his presentation of abstractions, is he ever unnecessarily abstract or abstruse. He describes Kenn's quest in terms of ordinary, homely human life; it is but rarely that the river-adept loses himself in an O Altitudo! where less exalted minds cannot follow him. When one considers the difficulty of writing an entire book in a mood of philosophical retrospect, one's admiration for the delicacy and distinction of the author's achievement is very great.

"Busman's Honeymoon." Like its predecessor, "Gaudy Night," "Busman's Honeymoon" is a determined attempt to make the conventions of the detective-story square with the conventions—or absence of conventions—which govern the "straight" novel. The story opens with an account of Harriet's marriage to Lord Peter Wimsey; it proceeds, in leisurely fashion, to a description of the happy pair settling down in Talboys, the old, uncomfortable house they had taken for their honeymoon; and it is not until the hundredth page is well past that the first "detective interruption" occurs—comes down the chimney, as it were, in a cloud of soot. Till then, all has been love-making, love-making of a rather literary cast, with Donne and many another classic for its spokesmen; and for its witnesses (the poor couple were seldom left alone) a little crowd of servants, neighbours, and workmen, all wonderfully well-observed, and talking the amusing patter at which Miss Sayers excels. Her principal characters, Harriet excepted, are less life-like: Lord Peter and his valet, Bunter, are enclosed and circumscribed by their conversational technique. Lord Peter cannot free himself from the toils of facetiousness and literary allusion; Bunter, except for his one lapse—and tremendously effective that is—into Billingsgate, always uses the longest words he can find.

The Human Detective.

When Crime comes in, must Love fly out of the window? This is the question that, as an artist, Miss Sayers has to answer; an even more difficult problem than who killed Mr. Noakes. With her agile intelligence and her marvellous ingenuity she does almost prove that these two cuckoos can live in the same nest. In spite, for instance, of the thrill of satisfaction the reader feels when the body is discovered, he can spare a sigh for the lovers, so incongruously interrupted in their honeymoon. And throughout their investigations one remembers that, besides being sleuths, Harriet and Lord Peter are a newly-wedded pair: one does not take their initiation into matrimony for granted, as one does Sherlock Holmes's indulgence in violin-playing and cocaine. Indeed, Miss Sayers spares no pains to emphasise her detective's human side. After discovering the culprit, Lord Peter suffers from remorse that amounts almost to a nervous breakdown; he briefs counsel for the defence, he tries to introduce some rays of comfort into the condemned cell; he awaits the stroke of eight in a nervous frenzy which Harriet can scarcely soothe.

"Busman's Honeymoon" is an heroic attempt to marry the phœnix with the turtle: "straight" fiction with the detective story. This unnatural if beautiful alliance had, as we know, no issue; nor will most people think that, as a work of art, "Busman's Honeymoon" is comparable to Miss Sayers' earlier stories, where detection is the rule and love the interruption. The two planes of reality cannot be made to coincide; the reader finds it too difficult to adjust his mood to competing claims. I think that Wilkie Collins hit on a better plan in "The Moonstone." By letting the two interests run concurrently,

[*Continued on page* XVI.

"THE FLORIST'S SHOP: DAWN OF THE FEAST DAY," *by* MRS. W. M. N. BRUNTON, *is a charming example of her work. It is on view at her show of "Studies of the Jewels, Deserts, Temples, Streets, and Gardens of Egypt," at the Arlington Galleries.*

MR. OLIVER MESSEL, *artist and stage designer, is responsible for the décor and costumes of the new ballet,* "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI," *to music by Tchaikovsky, which is to have its première at Covent Garden on July 15, and is likely to be one of the most interesting productions of the de Basil Russian Ballet season. Lichine has devised the ballet, and will dance the part of Paolo.*

Haig in every Home

Don't be Vague ask for Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

OBTAINABLE ALSO IN SMALL SIZES

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"WHY worry? It does no good. Doesn't make your bulls look better, or your bears go down. You may just as well be philosophical about it."

"That 's all right if you happen to be made that way. But if you are blessed with a worrying disposition, philosophy's about as much use to you as it is to a man with the toothache."

"Who 'never yet could bear it patiently,'" Our Stroller quoted. "Well, I don't know."

"Don't know what?"

"I 'm not quite sure. I don't know whether to laugh or to cry at having let half-a-dozen fortunes slip through my fingers in the course of the last twelve months."

"Come over to my office," said the broker. "You can sit in the only arm-chair; rest your curly nob on the tape machine, and burst into tears, if you think that will relieve your pent-up emotion."

Our Stroller shook his head doubtfully. "I can't understand how you can frivol at a time like this," said he. "Don't you think the outlook is serious?"

"Very. That 's the amusing part, my boy. Another six months of things as they are now, and we shall all be in the Institution instead of the House."

"And yet——"

"What 's the use of being humpy, you chump? Look around and you will find gilt-edged clouds are silver-lined. Trade is good: dividends are increasing——"

"So is taxation."

"Consider yourself lucky at having an income that is liable to tax."

"I shan't have, for long."

"Then you will find still less cause to feel worried, won't you? You want it every way, it seems to me."

"Oh, do be sensible. I come to you for consolation, and you offer me financial philosophy. I want cheering up, and you drop into drivel."

"Then change your broker, and——"

"I wish I had changed some of my shares."

"Supposing you had? You would have sold what you held, and put the money into something else that has gone down in much the same way as your present shares have done. Lot of good you 'd have got out of that."

"You would have made a brokerage, anyway."

"And lost you as a client for ever. My dear old chap, I 've got a list of your holdings, and there are precious few of them that won't come right again. Why worry, I repeat."

"What about rubber? You can't see that market going better just yet."

"I can see, as everyone can, that the good companies must be making handsome profits with rubber at anything like ninepence to tenpence a pound; and what more than that do you want?"

"I want to see the prices of my shares going up. I want to see a Mad Monday on every day of the week that the Stock Exchange is open. I want——"

"Then it 's a good thing for you that Want will be your Master. The Mad Monday type of business is of no permanent use to you, or to anybody else. Your rubber companies are doing quite well. Be thankful for that."

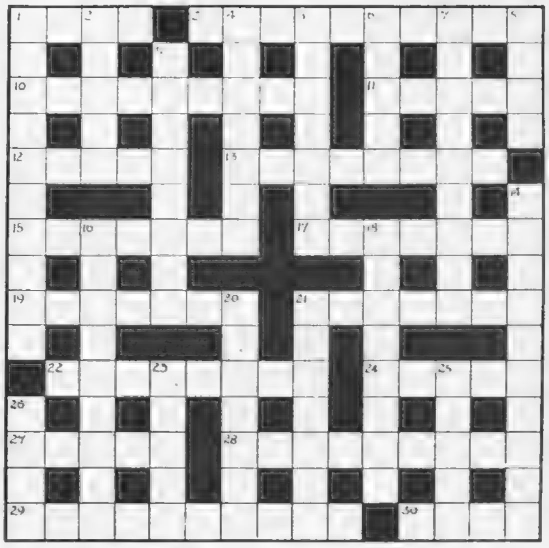
"Right, Sir: I will try to. But if—what the dev——"

He struggled to turn round, shaking off two hands that were thrusting quantities of confetti down his neck. The aggressors stared at him; then at one another. "Why, it isn't you after all!" exclaimed one of them. "Sorry, Sir! We made sure you were old——"; and they faded out before Our Stroller was able to catch the name.

For a moment, their victim nearly choked with rage. Nobody else took any particular notice. Some merchants must be coining small fortunes out of the Stock Exchange demand for their confetti. Never a day passes without one market or another being carpeted with the colourful, if messy, stuff.

"A good many young fellows made money last year," said the broker, brushing stray bits off his own jacket. "And they are now getting married on the strength of it. These confetti celebrations are preliminary congratulations, so to speak."

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Bird which may show which way the wind blows (4).
3. The honest basis of mathematics (two words; 6 and 4).
10. Raised roads (9).
11. Achievements of Mr. Gary Cooper (5).
12. Encouraging suburb for the performer (5).
13. Settle in another country (8).
15. What, for instance, broken rapiers require (7).
17. You are first-class behind Samuel in the Japanese Army (7).
19. Artistic pursuers (7).
21. The heat of the sun causes it to expand (7).
22. What the celebrated trumpeter plays for his admirers? (8).
24. The language is nothing more than beather (5).
27. To know Scottish seems to be a symbol (5).
28. "Pitt's tree" (anag.; 9).
29. Missing, and unsuitable for Christmas (two words; 3 and 7).
30. King (4).

DOWN.

1. Not No. 1 Across eating the sweet, but a fabulous creature (10).
2. To woo in high society? (5).
4. Trembling sectarians (7).
5. It seems the moke is unwell (7).
6. Perhaps it has been living longer in the forest (5).
7. Preliminary proposals from the composer? (9).
8. Just an experiment with bat and ball (4).
9. What Greenwich supplies in the interval! (8).
14. He may stick up placards or put accounts in the pillar-box (hyphen; 10).
16. Seaman's overcoat suggestive of a pod (9).
18. "Slot ramp" (anag.; 8).
20. Marks of punishment, perhaps, but not to Tommy Atkins (7).
21. You may find father severe on the horse (7).
23. Perhaps he imposes the penalty in a more delicate manner (5).
25. Extremely dainty relative (5).
26. Obviously a school of note (4).

"I don't see why they should want to throttle a man," protested Our Stroller, as he ran two fingers round the back of his collar. "A bit of fun is all very well in its way, but it can be carried too far."

"Better carry your neck to the Committee, and demand vengeance for assault and battery upon a man who has no right to be in the House at all. You needn't glare at me like that; it 's your own fault, you know."

Two dealers in the Foreign Market diverted Our Stroller's attention by an argument they were having over German bonds.

"I think they are dangerous things to hold," one man contended. "You can never feel quite safe. Anything might happen, and at any time."

"I don't believe it will, and German bonds aren't a bad high-yielding investment for anyone who can afford to take risks."

"Well, I wouldn't buy them for myself, I know that much. If you look into Brazilian bonds, now——"

"Why are you always so keen on Brazils? Can't see the attraction myself."

"If the present Plan is renewed in the autumn, then I say that Brazilian bonds will look a sound speculative holding, with scope for very considerable appreciation over a few years' time. Brazil is a country with vast natural resources——"

"So is your own country. Oh, I don't mean that we grow nuts and coffee and rubber——"

"Rubber is not much use to Brazil in these days. But you talk about our own natural resources. Coal, and iron and steel, and cocktail-parties and artificial silk, and ships—and what else?"

"Lots. I admit that what we want just now is an expansion in our export trade."

"All the nations are hankering after the same thing. If America had profitable outlets for her industries, do you suppose she would have had all these latest strikes? Not a bit of it!"

"Seems to me that America wasn't far off civil war—in parts. It 's been a pretty costly crisis for British holders of American securities. They must have lost a packet over the strike and its effect upon prices."

"Stick to your own country, my boy. I 'm not what you might call insular——"

"How about parochial?"

"But these are days when British goods are best. Don't you agree?"

"Not a bit. How about the oil industry? Rubber? A thousand and one things that are carrying on abroad, and controlled from here. Talking through your hat; that 's what you 're doing."

"Why, some of those preferred stocks in the American Railroad companies look to me absurdly cheap," a dealer in that market chimed in. "How about shares like Great Northern preferred, or Baltimore preferred? Must improve in time."

"Think so? Perhaps you 're right. But for sound investment, I 'd rather stick to British securities just now. A well-covered preference, for instance, or a good debenture; you can't go far wrong with either."

"Now you 're talking more sensibly. Why shouldn't you buy ordinary shares such as Colville or Vickers; Boots or Lyons? There are plenty more of that type. Are you wedded to debentures or preference?"

"They 're safer. And it seems to me that the new tax presses rather harshly upon Ordinary shares. We know that the money has to be raised in one way or another, but if a small increase had been put on the income tax all round, that would have been fairer, to my way of thinking."

"The principle of the new tax is that it shall fall upon extra profits made, more especially, out of rearmament."

"That 's so, I admit. But those particular profits are being so closely supervised and watched that the armament suppliers are not going to get an awful lot out of their contracts, you know."

"Indirectly," a broker contributed, "the effect is to increase the security of debentures and preferences."

"Although you may temporarily diminish the cover for their interest?"

"Yes: and that 's the illogical part of the tax. The whole burden falls upon Ordinary capital. Why it should, I fail to see."

"The new tax is so much less unfair than the original N.D.C. that we welcome it with open arms."

"Iz zat so? Wish I could agree with you. We are going to pay, of course, and not make a fuss, but I reckon that holders of ordinary shares have got it in the neck."

"So do I," agreed Our Stroller heartily. "What with this tax, and what with your confetti——"

"You ought to be extremely thankful," his broker admonished him, "that you haven't got a neck like the giraffe!"—*Friday, June 25, 1937.*

This England . . .

Yorkshire Moors

TWO pictures does one carry for life of the great West Riding moors. The one, a folding of rich colour upon itself, from high, ling-empurpled shoulders to the red gold of dale-side trees slipping to green where hidden water in the cloughs stays Autumn's hand. The other, a majestic desolation, tearing wind and lowered cloud, the distant heights now etched against the slanting grey, now gone, as slivers of steely rain sting cheek and hand. Strong limbs and great appetite are bred here, and great ale must go down if humour and courage are to be kept up. No "small beer" will suffice, but Worthington alone, rich, great-hearted and slow-matured — in the very nature of the North.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

I INTENDED comparing women's golf with men's and, partly for that purpose, went to Moor Park to see the Coronation match, and the following day to Stoke Poges to watch the annual contest between men and women. But I came away with such conflicting ideas that I am more confused than ever. When at Moor Park our leading amateurs beat a mixed team of professional golfers and women, it seemed quite obvious to me that the professionals were overweighted by the handicap of their fair partners. The women apparently gave their partners too much to do, not because of inaccuracies, but on account of lack of physical power. Were it possible to repeat this historic match, it would be as well if the women were permitted to drive from their own teeing grounds, instead of the "tiger tees." It may be imagined that I came away with a pretty conceit of my own sex.

The next day the illusion was destroyed. At Stoke Poges the women's team, driving from the men's tees, won the battle of the sexes by a convincing margin; in fact, only three of the men beat their opponents in the singles! Either gallantry or conceit had influenced the men to a concession of a half, or nine strokes a round in this match. Last year they gave a third and won easily, but they were over-generous in conceding a half. The men found it impossible to leave their opponents far behind from the tee; in fact, there were occasions when they were out-driven. Sometimes they played good iron shots to reach the green; their opponents took a brassie or spoon and matched the shot. Holes which, theoretically, were not within the compass of the women in two shots, were in several instances accomplished by the gentler sex in two full shots and a putt. Weaker sex, indeed! I pitied the male opponents of such powerful women golfers. So far as hitting the ball out of sight is concerned, there is no sign of weakness among women players. Where they appear to fail is in shots in which one would expect them to excel, such as approaches from, say, forty yards of the hole. But it seems women are most unreliable from this distance. If they learn to play these short approach shots as well as they play the rest of the game, men will be able to concede nothing to them.

JOHNNY WEISMULLER, *the swimmer and film star, is seen with his equally well-known screen-star wife,* LUPE VELEZ, *having a rest during a game on the Santa Catalina Island course.*

Two Putts a Green not Good Enough.

So, having learned nothing except the futility of attempting to compare the golf of men and women, I went to watch Walter Hagen, the non-playing captain of the United States Ryder Cup team, which to-day is engaged in the final phase of the match with Great Britain at Southport. We discussed putting, for Hagen, at the period when he won four British championships, was probably one of the best putters in the world. Having watched his play in an exhibition match at Selsdon Park, I had also admired his putting, and told him so. But Hagen declared that his putting touch has left him. Never once did he take three putts, but several times putts from five or six yards stopped on the lip of the hole. Asked what he meant by his putting failures, Hagen said: "I do not get the ball near enough to the hole to get down in one putt, and you cannot win with two putts on every green."

That, I fear—and I use the word "fear" advisedly—is the outlook of American golfers, twenty-four of whom are competing in the Open Championship at Carnoustie next week. There is Ralph Guldahl, the twenty-five-years-old holder of the American title, Densmore Shute, who won the Open Championship the last time he came here, and all the other members of the American Ryder Cup team. Also there is Tommy Armour, who won on the last occasion the Championship was played at Carnoustie. If we are to retain the British Championship, we must expect something more than mediocrity from British professionals. Fortunately, our home players have attained a very high standard, and our friends the enemies will discover that in their absence our men have been working at the game. There are forty overseas competitors in the field of two hundred and fifty-eight for the Open Championship, but, apart from the ten members of the United States Ryder Cup team, and perhaps Walter Hagen, their captain, I cannot visualise an American victory.

ANNA MAY WONG, *the Sino-American film star, enjoyed some golf practice on board the "Queen Mary" during the voyage from New York to Southampton. She looks very elegant in her golfing kit.*

Pray for a Wind.

American golfers excel at the card and pencil game and in normal weather conditions can beat us. But it all depends on the interpretation of "normal." At Carnoustie the weather is never normal from the American standpoint. There is little use for the favourite high pitch shot which stops against the pin, and it is seldom calm enough to take a chance by pitching the ball high on to the green. In any case, unless a shot has been mis-hit on the way to the green, there is no necessity for such a shot. Carnoustie is generally wind-swept and will probably be the longest course in the world for this occasion, even longer than Hoylake's 7100 yards last year. There are only two "short" holes, one a mere two hundred and fifty yards in length, and no holes where the player can get home with a drive and a "flick" of the wrist. In such circumstances, the pitch shot to the hole-side at which Americans are adept may not be so valuable as usual.

The prize-winners, runners-up, and semi-finalists in the Scottish Ladies' Foursomes organised by the "Bystander" were (l. to r.) MISS E. M. SCOTT *(Blairgowrie)*; MISS HELEN NIMMO *(Falkirk Tryst)*; MISS M. M. ROBERTSON-DURHAM *(Gullane)*; MISS CLARK *(Silverdale)*; *and* MRS. E. M. RHODES *(Harrogate), winners of the trophy*; MISS M. HOWIE *(Ranfurly Castle)*; MISS NELL FORREST *(Bishopbriggs)*; *and* MISS H. M. McGLASHAN *(Auchterarder). Mrs. Rhodes, Yorkshire and Northern Champion, and Miss Clark beat the 1936 winners, Miss Nimmo and Miss Robertson-Durham, by 5 and 4 in the final.*

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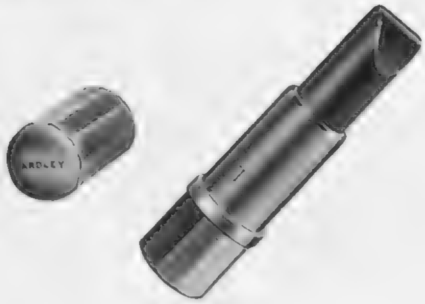

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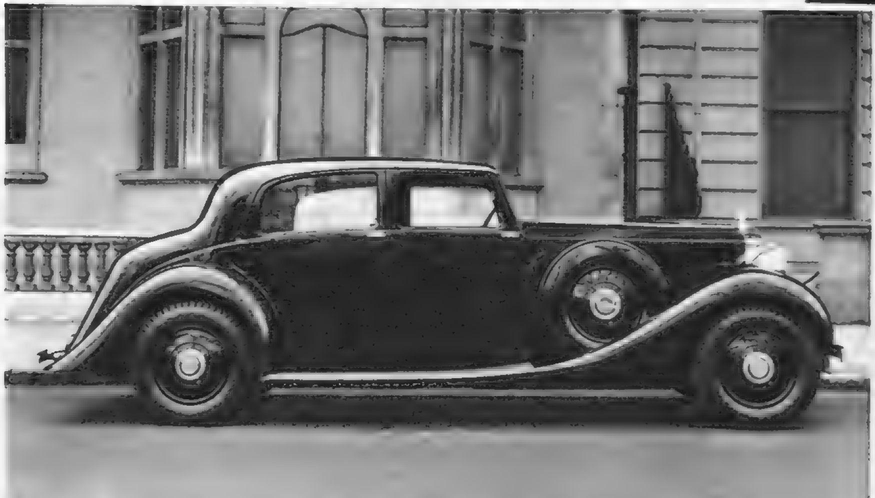
MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

CARS are generally regarded as belonging to the gender feminine, but I am personally disposed to talk of the $4\frac{1}{2}$-litre Lagonda as a "he." There is nothing feminine about this big, strong, fast car, despite its docile manner and gentle disposition. Like the hero of so many romances by feminine writers, it is silent to the point of taciturnity, and even when flat-out on long, straight roads, its running is completely unostentatious. I would not say that the exhaust is inaudible, but it is very quiet. One can hear just enough to get a kick out of its clear note, while deriving satisfaction, however, because it cannot possibly offend the ears of any passers-by. The $4\frac{1}{2}$-litre Lagonda has mainly, I think, a masculine appeal, though the latest model is so light to handle that a woman would have no difficulty in driving it. Even the four-door saloon is good for about 95 m.p.h., and the acceleration on the high intermediate gears is really excellent; speeds of about 50 m.p.h. on second and 78 on third are possible. The steering, while beautifully light, has a pleasant, self-centring action, and the gear-box, which is now centrally controlled (though a right-hand lever can be obtained at extra cost), is particularly easy to operate. The synchromesh mechanism on second, third, and top gears is very good, and on all ratios the box is almost entirely inaudible.

I have written of the improved steering and easy gear-change; we come now to the third principal point, the improved springing. Thanks to a finger-tip shock-absorber control just below the steering-wheel, it is possible to find a shock-absorber setting which will suit any speed and any load. For trickling through a town, for instance, one can run on "full soft," when the Lagonda reveals itself as one of the most comfortable cars in existence. Out on the open road, a flick of the thumb brings the lever over to "full hard," and corners can be taken at racing speed with the car steady as a rock and holding the road in an absolutely perfect manner. It is worth noting, however, that even when set at "full hard," the springs still work effectively, and the riding is still entirely comfortable.



The special touring saloon body on this new TWELVE-CYLINDER "PHANTOM III." ROLLS-ROYCE *was built by* PARK WARD *to the order of Messrs. Jack Barclay, George Street, Hanover Square.*

The $4\frac{1}{2}$-litre Lagonda comes within that small and exclusive group which comprises the aristocracy of the automobile world. Its pedigree goes back to the earliest days of motoring, and its mettle has been tested and tried in strenuous Continental road races and gruelling reliability competitions like the Monte Carlo Rally and the International Alpine Trial. Its makers therefore have an enormous amount of data on motoring conditions both at home and abroad, and they are thus able to produce a car which exactly fills the need of the "real motorist." It can be "blinded" unmercifully across France, thrashed up an Italian pass, or steered safely on treacherous, icebound roads; yet, at the same time, it will glide silently through the streets of a city, its enormous power bent to the will of its driver.

Even in its earliest form, the $4\frac{1}{2}$-litre Lagonda came near to my notion of the ideal car, and on one of the first models I had a never-to-be-forgotten drive across the breadth of France and down the length of Italy to Brindisi, in a time considerably shorter than the journey would have taken by express train. Since W. O. Bentley has been with the Lagonda Company, the car has been steadily improved and refined, so that, while it retains all its original appeal, it is at the same time a thoroughly refined and really comfortable motor-car, bereft of all the unpleasant characteristics of so-called sports cars, yet retaining all the brilliance of performance that one expects from such a relatively high-powered automobile. There are not many cars which are so restful to drive. Quite apart from the lightness of control and the correct seating position, one travels peacefully because this car has a wonderful ability to inspire confidence. At all speeds, even at over 90 m.p.h., one feels perfectly at home and one can cover a journey of 300 or 400 miles in the day without experiencing the slightest fatigue.

The comfort of an ECCLES "ARISTOCRAT," *the 1937 caravan, is well illustrated by this photograph of the front end of the interior. The deeply-sprung settee seen here makes a comfortable double-sized bed by night. The "Aristocrat" has proved ideal as an all-season living-van.*

It goes without saying that the Lagonda is a very fine car, magnificently built, so a few words as to its specification may not be out of place. The wheelbase is 10 ft. 9 in. and the track 4 ft. $9\frac{3}{4}$ in. The engine is rated at just under 30 h.p., and taxed at £22 10s. a year. No less than 140 horse-power are given off by the six-cylinder engine at peak revolutions. The gear-box, which, as I have stated, is silent on all four gears, is a separate unit, and the top gear is as high as 3·58 to 1. For the rest, the chassis is of orthodox design, with Tecalemit automatic lubrication and Jackall hydraulic jacks. The brakes act smoothly in very large-diameter drums, and 6 × 18 Dunlop "Fort" tyres are standard. [*Continued overleaf.*

Luton is famous for hats as well as cars! In the foreground is a VAUXHALL CAR, *and the* MAYOR OF LUTON *may be seen behind it presenting a hat to* MISS SHEILA MARTIN, *from Wagga-Wagga.*

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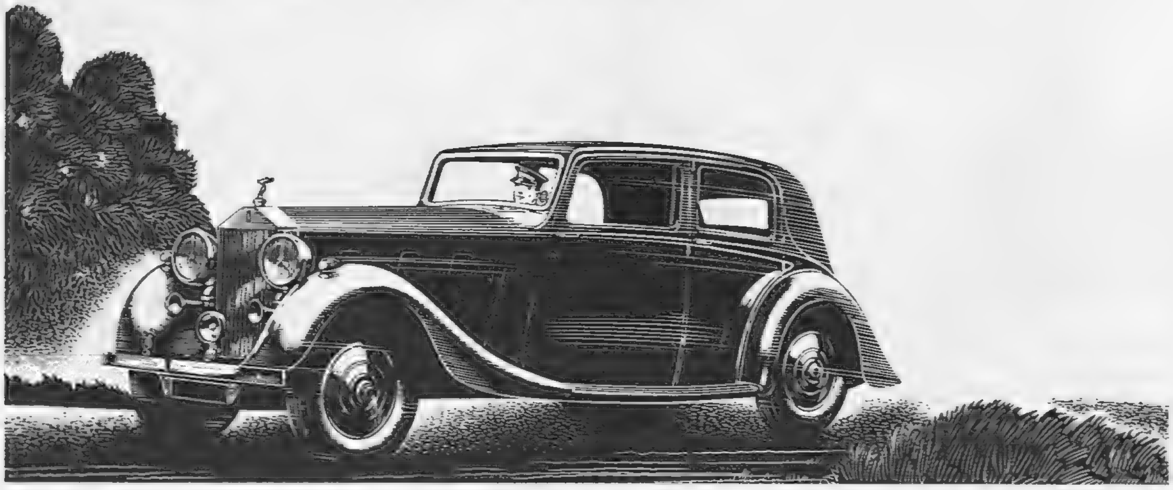

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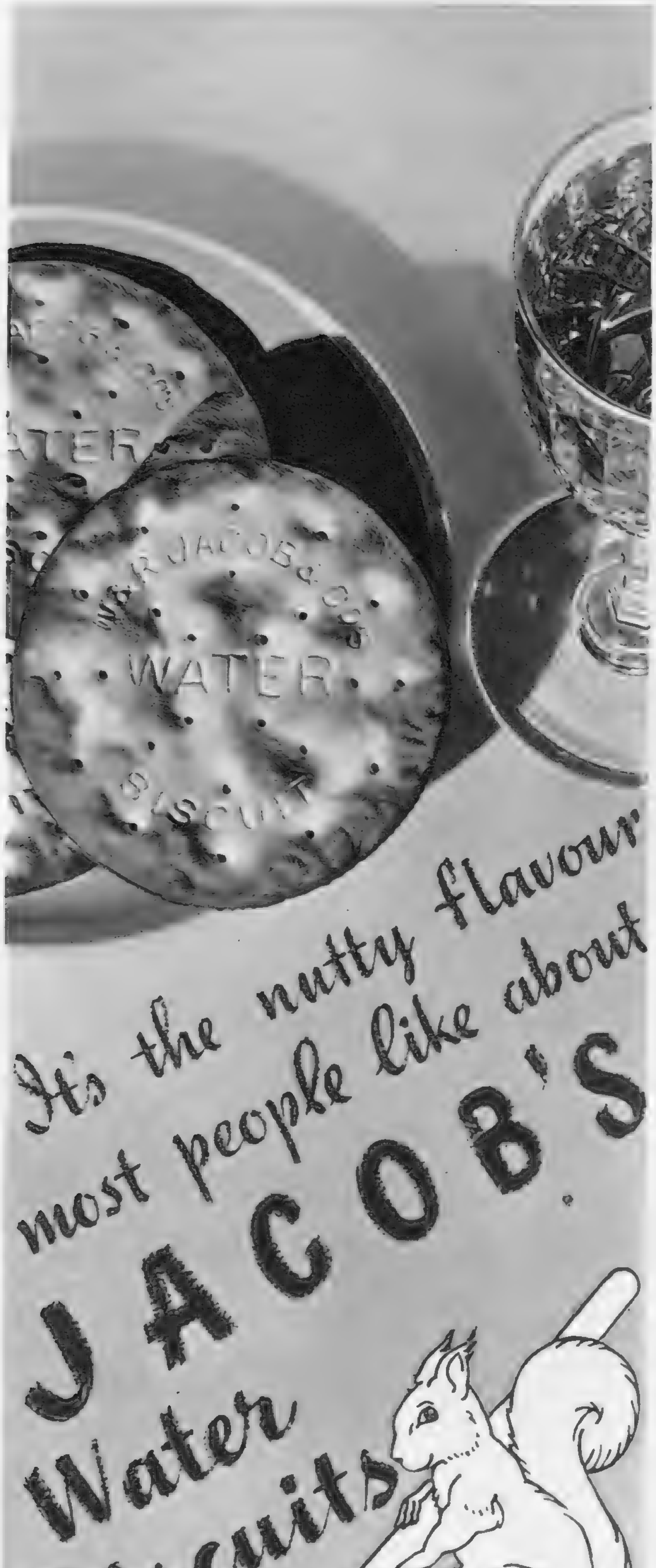

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Continued.]

The model I tried was the four-door pillarless saloon, which provides particularly easy ingress once one has acquired the habit of opening the two doors on one side simultaneously. At first sight there appears to be a spare wheel carried in wells in each front wing, but one cover is purely a dummy. When hinged back it reveals as neat an arrangement of jack and tools as I have ever seen. The mechanism and lever for operating the hydraulic jack are there, together with the hammer for detaching the centre-locking wheels, complete tool kit, starting handle, a set of spare plugs and an inspection lamp. The body is superlatively finished, and the whole car has an air of nobility about it which appeals irresistibly to the connoisseur of fine cars. It sells complete at £1125.

A NEW "SIGNPOST."

My friend Mr. W. G. McMinnies is to be congratulated on producing a bigger and better edition of "Signpost" every year. It is described as "an independent guide to pleasant ports of call," and is intended to be kept in the door-pocket of the car for ready reference. Time after time, one wonders where to go for dinner, for an evening's dancing or for a swim. A new type of index shows exactly what are the attractions of every hotel, inn or roadhouse in the book, while large, clear maps make plain the way to whichever rendezvous is selected. One man's meat is another man's poison. In other words, we do not all like the same things. This accounts for the fact that I have once or twice disagreed with the author on the charms of places mentioned in his book, but, on the other hand, I owe W. G. McMinnies a debt of gratitude for having on innumerable occasions suggested charming hotels or inns in localities where I did not know they even existed.

THE SPORTING MIPPETTS.

(*Continued from page 664.*)

back and drank at Reggie's and went on talking about Charles. Winnie said George ought to ring up and make certain. George said it was rather awkward over the telephone. He 'd ask Charles about it in the morning.

When it came to the point, Winnie had to ask him. Charles was awfully good about it all. He said he hoped it wouldn't make any difference, as he was so happy and had quite given up that sort of thing. Winnie told him she 'd have to talk it over with George. In the end, they decided to keep him. All their friends said it was extremely sporting of them, and Charles became even more popular. People got into the habit of dropping in just to see what he looked like. Some of them were complete strangers, which made life pretty difficult. But, on the whole, the Mippetts rather enjoyed it all.

Whenever they went anywhere, they were pointed out as the people who had that divine, bigamous butler. Of course, it couldn't last. But nobody thought the end would be quite so sudden.

One week-end, George and Winnie went off to stay with George's father in Sussex. Charles had said that it would be fine and warm, so Winnie didn't pack her fur coat. Actually it was rather chilly coming back in the car, and Winnie was sure she was going to catch a cold. As soon as they got home, they realised Charles had gone. Later they discovered a great many other things had gone too. The silver. Most of George's clothes, all of Winnie's jewellery and her fur coat. When the other servants got back, they said Charles had told them to go off and enjoy themselves, and that he 'd look after things.

George and Winnie sat about wondering what to do. They were pretty cut up. George was just going to call up Scotland Yard when the telephone bell rang. Winnie said perhaps it was all a mistake, and Charles was ringing up to explain.

But it wasn't Charles. It was Reggie. Reggie said he 'd been looking over some of his old scrap-books when he was in the police. Charles wasn't a bigamist after all. That was another case. He remembered now where he 'd seen Charles. It wasn't at the Old Bailey. It was at Bow Street. Charles had been accused of posing as a butler and robbing people when they went away for the week-end. It seemed he was quite a specialist in his own line. He thought perhaps he ought to tell George.

George said "Thank you, we know," and rang off.

Winnie said she was sorry for Charles. He was bound to get caught. But he wasn't. He must have managed somehow to get out of the country.

The Mippetts have moved to a service flat.

THE END.

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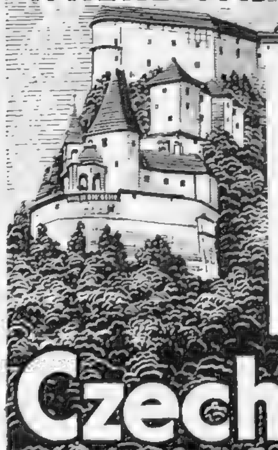

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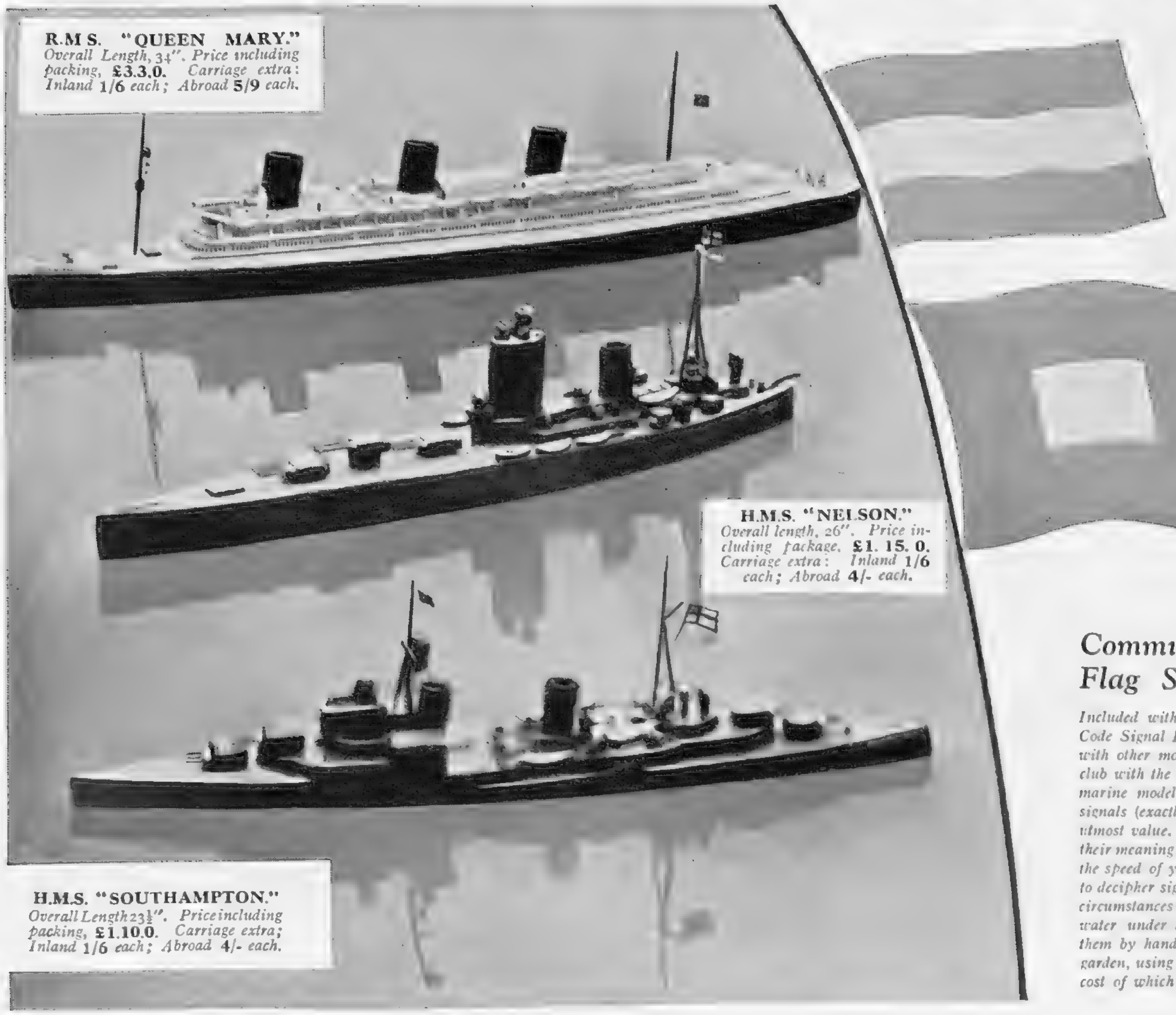

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MARIEGOLD IN THE WORLD OF ART.

A LARGE concourse at the Arlington Galleries for Mrs. Brunton's exhibition of things Egyptian. This talented and erudite painter is exhibiting water-colour and miniature studies of the jewels of the Pharaohs : the deserts, temples, streets, and gardens of Egypt. Her work is not only lovely, detailed, and minute, but absorbingly interesting—and not only to archæologists ! H.E. Affifi Pasha, the Egyptian Ambassador, came to the Private View and was delighted with it all. Mrs. Brunton is the wife of an Assistant Curator of the Cairo Museum, and has written and illustrated two books on the Great Ones of Ancient Egypt. Her portrait of Cleopatra, reconstructed from history, will probably come in for some criticism and controversy. It shows a red-haired Jewish woman, not a beauty, but, as Mrs. Brunton pointed out, her fame came from wit and intelligence. These stand the test of time better than physical beauty. A full house at the Private View included Lady Selsdon, whose portrait hangs there ; Lady Studd, Mrs. Kenyon-Slaney, Mrs. Yahuda, wife of the well-known professor ; and Miss Leveson-Gower. Queen Mary was a very interested visitor at Mrs. Brunton's last exhibition, so it is possible that she may see this one.

. . . . .

The meetings of the Anglo-French Art and Travel Society vary enormously, and are always stimulating. Last week, just after the clash between his brother and the French Senate, M. René Blum, with the Ballets de Monte Carlo, held a reception at the Coliseum. It was stifling hot, a real crush ; there was plenty to eat and drink ; and M. Blum, who has a very charming manner, made a delightful speech of great friendliness to England. M. and Mme. Bohn were meeting many friends there ; her dress of dark blue had all sorts of different-coloured butterflies on it. People of distinction in many worlds had accepted M. Blum's invitation, including Lady Byng, Ladies Dawson and Dunedin, Lady Kennet, Violet Lady Melchett, Lord and Lady Plunket, and Dr. Malcolm Sargent. I also met there Dr. de Poka Pivny, a well-known Hungarian writer on international affairs, and had a very interesting talk with him, hearing the point of view of a " Middle European." Altogether, a great little *entente cordiale*.

MISS PEGGY EVANS, *only daughter of Mr. Charles Evans, was recently married to* MR. RICHARD GRAHAM PEGLER, *at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Pegler.*

. . . . .

Some names guarantee a plus-show. Cecil Beaton's does ; and his contribution to the " Anti-Dud " Ball (Dorchester, July 13, in aid of the British Provident Association) should draw the town. It will be a series of living reconstructions from his book, " Cecil Beaton's Scrap Album," now on the verge of its début, to be carried out by such beauties and wits as Ladies Diana Cooper and Elizabeth Paget, Mrs. James Beck, Mrs. James Field, the sisters Ladies O'Neill and Long of Wraxall ; Lord Berners, and others. More names on the committee cement the guarantee of entertainment—to quote three, they include Lady Alexandra Haig, Lady Dashwood, and Mrs. Roland Cubitt ; and there will be Ambrose's Orchestra to dance to. Also an original ballet. I may be wrong, but Lord Berners' name in connection suggests his collaboration in this too. But—I may be wrong.

. . . . .

An " in-aid-of " which excites the imagination is the supper-party with dancing which is to be held on Wednesday, July 21,

[*Continued overleaf.*

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Continued.

for the Vic-Wells Completion Fund, of which Sir "Eddie" Marsh is chairman. They want £30,000 to establish these two national theatres on a self-supporting basis. Dancing to Jack Jackson and his band, a midnight supper-party, and a special programme by Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes, with all the chief dancers, will be the evening's attractions. Many large parties have been arranged for it by the chairman himself, Lady Diana Cooper, and Mrs. Edward Montagu, Mr. Anthony Asquith, Lady Juliet Duff, Freda Lady Listowel, Lady Sinclair, Lady Moira Lyttelton, and many others "too numerous to mention."

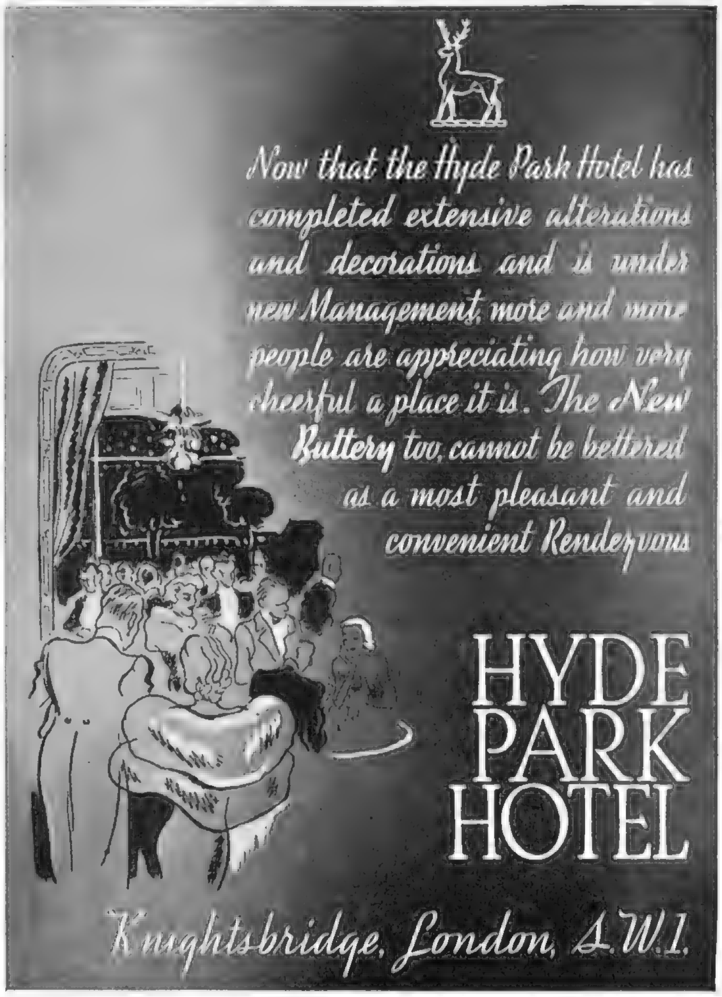
MRS. STANLEY-CLARKE *is the attractive young wife of Mr. Frank Stanley-Clarke, a well-known polo player at Hurlingham and Ranelagh. Before her marriage she was Miss Vivienne St. George. She has been painted by Gerald Brockhurst, A.R.A.*

The memorial exhibition of water-colours and other work by the late Katherine Mayer is likely to be a social as well as an artistic event of interest. The exhibition opens at 96, Cheyne Walk on July 5, and will continue until the 19th. As a painter of children Katherine Mayer was admirable, for she had a real interest in the young and they were always happy with her. The loan part of the exhibition includes portraits of some of the most decorative of our young married women as they were in childhood's days. For instance, Mrs. Kenneth Hunter is lending portraits of Peggy and Moira as little girls. They are now Mrs. P. Kemp-Welch and Lady Munro; and Lady (Murrough) Wilson has sent her picture of the lovely Susan, now Mrs. Mark Pilkington. Mrs. Pilkington's cousin, Daphne Henderson, will be seen as a child, as her mother is lending her portrait; and Lady Robinson, Mrs. Wigan, and Mrs. Gerald Strutt are all sending nursery likenesses of members of their families. Lady Maugham and her daughters, Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Earl, and Lady Forres and Lady Langton are among those expected at the Private View, and it's likely that Marguerite Steen and Margaret Irwin, two of our best-known authors, will also be there. The exhibition, in addition to the portraits, includes a number of other examples of Katherine Mayer's work which indicate what a gifted artist she was.

MISS MARION MONRO, *a pretty Scottish débutante, will be presented at one of the July Courts at Holyroodhouse. She is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Alastair Monro, of Craigcleuch, Langholm, Dumfries.*

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JUNE 23.

ACROSS.—1. Sound. 4. Panegyric. 8. Arbutus. 9. Stepson. 10. Bear 11. Sidle. 12. Eton. 15. Elise. 16. Newport. 18. Dentist. 21. Fence. 23. Glib. 24. Means. 25. Opus. 28. Ashamed. 29. Engrave. 30. Erroneous. 31. Dined. DOWN.—1. Starboard. 2. Umbrage. 3. Date. 4. Pastime. 5. Gwen. 6. Risotto. 7. Canon. 9. Salon. 13. Mimic. 14. Twins. 17. Transcend. 19. Neither. 20. Tread. 21. Fingers. 22. Explain. 23. Grace. 26. Amen. 27. Aged.



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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCV.

A "PSYCHIC" IN DEFENCE.

It is interesting to see how a "bluff" bid ("bluff" is easier to write and to pronounce than "psychic") operates as a defensive manœuvre. Here is a hand from actual play quoted by a contemporary—

Spades—8, 3.
Hearts—9, 7, 2.
Clubs—Q, 6, 3.
Diamonds—Kn, 10, 8, 4, 2.

B

Y		Z
Spades—K, Kn, 9, 5, 4.	Y Z	Spades—A, 7.
Hearts—Kn, 5.		Hearts—A, K, 10, 8, 4.
Clubs—9, 8, 5, 2.		Clubs—A, Kn, 10, 4.
Diamonds—A, 3.		Diamonds—Q, 5.

A

Spades—Q, 10, 6, 2.
Hearts—Q, 6, 3.
Clubs—K, 7.
Diamonds—K, 9, 7, 6.

YZ vulnerable and A dealt. The bidding went—

A	Y	B	Z
No bid.	No bid.	1 spade!	Double.
2 spades!	2 no-trumps.	No bid.	3 no-trumps.

B led the knave of diamonds; Z (dummy) covered with the queen; A played the king. Now, it is clear that in whatever way Y plays the hand he must be down, losing four tricks in diamonds, and a club or a heart trick—if not, indeed, both. Now YZ have game here: at hearts they lose one heart, one club, and perhaps one diamond; at clubs, by taking the finesse in spades, they need lose but two tricks (at double-dummy a slam could be made by ruffing a heart in Z); at no-trumps, provided Z plays the hand, game is certain against any opening by A. So there is no doubt about the "bluff" bid having saved game: not only that, the bid scored 100 penalty points and saved a loss of at least 800 points, which made a gross gain of nearly 1000 points. For all that, and although I have been stressing the value of defensive bids well and hard, I do not approve of "bluff" bidding, and in my opinion B's bid was bad anyhow.

There is a prevailing notion that when two players pass and third player holds a "near bust" (as in this case), fourth player must hold a big hand, and that unless third player jumps in with a bid of some kind, his side will be immediately rushed out of the bidding, leaving game or slam a show-down for opponents. This is why B bid one spade, and the bid would be upheld by many authorities—especially as it proved successful! But I personally cannot follow the argument, more particularly when applied to English contract. It does not by any means follow that the two players who have passed hold nothing; the probability is they both have average hands, in which case fourth player holds just a little over average, when, being vulnerable, he will throw in. We over here are advised (not by me, I may state) to throw in as fourth player unless some 3 to 3½ sure tricks are held, while when vulnerable something approaching a giant hand is the standard for fourth player's opening; consequently, the third player's bluff bid is more likely to do harm than good—it just invites opponents to bid, and perhaps bid into a game, while there was a chance, and a good chance, of the hand being given up. Anyhow, I do not find bluff bids in the spirit of the game—they irritate opponents and partner too; incidentally, a psychic is bad unless the bidder holds some other long suit which he can run to and bid as high as three if necessary.

There are a few points about the bidding of this hand worth noting. A holds a good defensive opening bid of one diamond, while Y might have bid one spade—both passed; I have dealt with B. Now for Z. He doubled, of course! Oh, dear, this informative double—how it loses! Then A's two spades. This is a "shocking" bid. Pass, pass every time—or nearly every time, anyhow—and let doubler's partner get on with it. Then Y's two no-trumps. *He* has an ideal double—*the* ideal double, in fact; it is *really* informative. It says: "Partner, we have opponents set on this bid, but don't let that deter you from rebidding if you see better things ahead." But no! Players *will* make a double that gives no positive information, but will *not* double when the double would give invaluable information. Yet Y was excused for not doubling because *he* thought it better business to bid for game and rubber, when, as said, the double would place the game bid, or pass, with the player whose business it is to make that selection. Suppose Y had doubled and the double is left in; AB would have been at least 4 down; if Z takes out the double into no-trumps, Y can bid three no-trumps and YZ make game, because the play is now in the right hand.

The sane bidding on this hand after B's spade call is: Z, two hearts; A, no bid; Y, two no-trumps; B, no bid; Z, three clubs; A, no bid; Y, four clubs; B, no bid; Z, four hearts; all pass. The obvious conclusion is that Z did his best *not* to go game by doubling, that A did his best to lose game by not passing the double, and then that Y did what he could to save A and B and to lose game by not doubling when he should. Altogether a sad affair, proving that the average player knows little or nothing about the artistry of doubling or how to deal with a double at contract. In my opinion, if you *never* doubled it would pay you in the long run.

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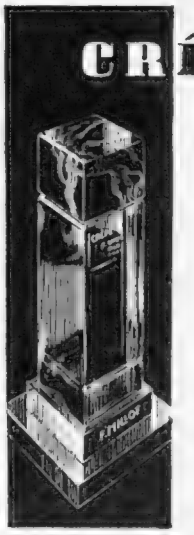

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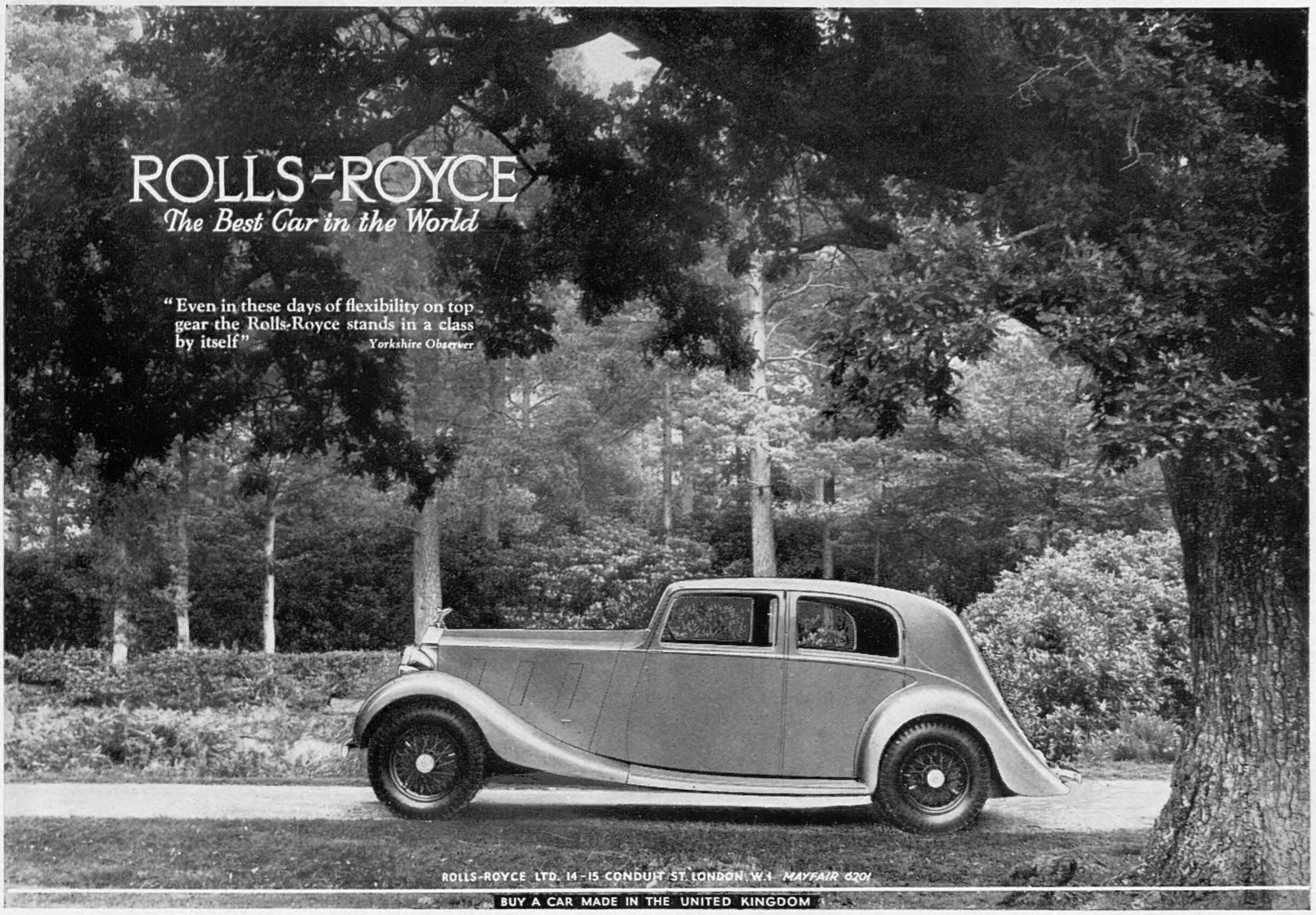

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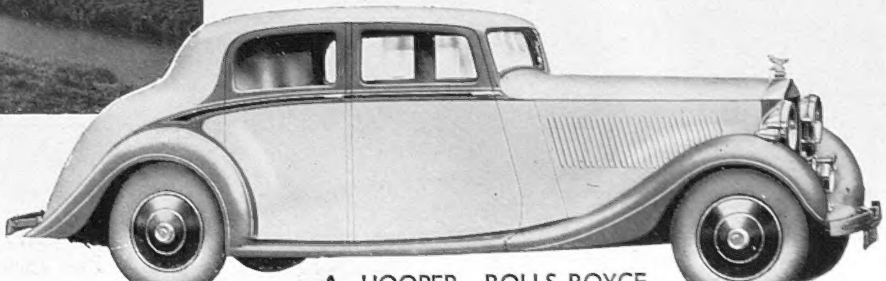

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 692.)

without any serious attempt at fusing them, he preserved to each its proper qualities. Still, a novel is not the less readable for being "impure" art: and I thoroughly enjoyed "Busman's Honeymoon."

"Bats in the Belfry."

Mr. E. R. C. Lorac presents Chief Inspector Macdonald with a very pretty problem—if pretty be the word: the body of the victim (the first victim, that is) was discovered "built up into the fabric" of a lonely studio in West London. The Inspector had a peculiarly

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *is President of Alexandra Rose Day. She is seen buying a rose outside her house in Belgrave Square just before she drove through the London streets in her Presidential capacity.*

unpleasant crowd of suspects to deal with, rough of tongue and ready of fist; and the leading lady in the case was one of the toughest among them. But need he, we wonder, have been so habitually discourteous? His tongue rasps like a file; it does no credit to his wide reading—for he follows the fashion in having a mind that turns to literary allusion. When the author once describes him as "imperturbably polite," one wonders what real rudeness is.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN *bought his rose on Alexandra Rose Day just outside No. 10, Downing Street, where he had been in conference with Mr. Chamberlain on the Spanish crisis.*

Still, he kept his head, if not a civil tongue in it, and unravelled a story which has some horrible and many exciting moments.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Happier Eden. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. *(Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)*
Highland River. By Neil M. Gunn. *(Porpoise Press; 7s. 6d.)*
Busman's Honeymoon. By Dorothy L. Sayers. *(Gollancz, 8s. 6d.)*
Bats in the Belfry. By E. R. C. Lorac. *(Collins; 7s. 6d.)*

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"JUDGMENT DAY" (Strand). 8.30.—Trial and counter-revolution in totalitarian State. Tense action; brilliant acting and production. Catherine Lacey, Ronald Adam, Freda Jackson, Glynis Johns.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"WONDERFUL WORLD" (Palace). 6.20 and 9.—Second edition of this pleasant revue, with Florence Desmond and Steve Geray.

"FLOODLIGHT" (Saville). 8.30.—Good after-dinner entertainment by Beverly Nichols. Frances Day, Hermione Baddeley, John Mills.

"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Good dialogue and first-rate cast. Marie Ney, Keneth Kent, Dorothy Hyson.

"PAGANINI" (Lyceum). 8.30.—Operette with music by Franz Lehar. Richard Tauber in full song, and Evelyn Laye.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE (Savoy). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli).—Ronald Colman finds Utopia.

"MAKE WAY FOR TO-MORROW" (Plaza).—A domestic drama developed with humour and insight.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"LOVE IS NEWS" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—A fast-moving comedy of publicity campaigns, starring Tyrone Power and Loretta Young.

"THE FROG" (New Gallery).—Gordon Harker in the well-known Edgar Wallace thriller.

"I MET HIM IN PARIS" (Carlton).—Claudette Colbert takes a holiday and chooses a husband.

"BEHIND YOUR BACK" (Carlton).—An amusing conversation-piece.

"ONE IN A MILLION" (Regal).—The romance of a skating champion, starring Sonja Henie.

"DER AMMENKOENIG" (Studio One).—Entertaining German comedy adapted from Max Dreyer's banned play.

"WE FROM KRONSTADT" (Academy).—A Russian drama of the defeat of the White forces at Petrograd.

"TOP OF THE TOWN" (Leicester Square Theatre).—A 'musical' with a spectacular climax.

A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"THE WOMAN BETWEEN" (London Pavilion).—Paul Muni and Miriam Hopkins in a wartime triangle drama.

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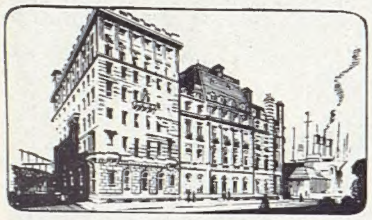

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